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SOME EVENTS AND
INCIDENTS DURING

THE CIVIL WAR
BY

WILLIAM C. JORDAN
Co.B,15th. Ala. Regiment,CSA
Montgomery, Alabama
The Paragon Press
1909

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Some Events and Incidents During the Civil War

BY WM. C. JORDAN
Co. B., 15th Ala. Regiment, C. S. A.




Montgomery, Ala.:
THE PARAGON PRESS
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Ft. Wayne, Indiana

PREFACE.

The writer will confine himself to facts, as he has a diary of every day that he was in service, except when he was so very sick at Charlottesville, Va., and at home on furlough, results of a genuine attack of old fashioned dry tongue typhoid fever, which disqualified him for service for about twelve months. He also had a complete roll of every man that ever belonged to Company B, Fifteenth Alabama Regiment, showing what disposition was made of each of them, the different engagements, dates, etc. I will endeavor to write in a plain manner, in a way that will be better understood and appreciated by the old veterans, will refer frequently to individuals in the company, regiment and brigade for their bravery, heroism and faithfulness to duty and to their country. The first four chapters perhaps will not be so interesting as those to follow later, as I think it will be in place to give a biographical sketch of myself and the time of preparation before entering the service, and the great disadvantages I labored under from sickness after enlisting. The first engagement that I participated in was at Suffolk, Va., spring of 1863, but was almost continually in service with Longstreet after the fight at Suffolk until the close of the war. Gettysburg was the second engagement that I participated in. There will be facts developed in these instances that I have never seen in history, which will doubtless be valuable to the future historian. With my roll, diary and a very vivid recollection of facts, no doubt it will be of great interest to the old veterans which is my chief desire. I don't propose to undertake to write any high-faluting sky-scraping phrases, but shall write in a plain, matter-of-fact style. Would be pleased to have the old veterans to read carefully the chapters;

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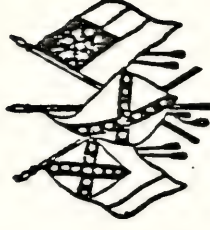


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will be proud to know that they were greatly interested in reading them; will not be the least offended if any criticisms are made in the way of correcting my errors or mistakes.

Respectfully,

WM. C. JORDAN,
Co. B., 15th Ala. Reg.



SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF ARMY LIFE IN GENERAL LONGSTREET'S CORPS.

CHAPTER I.

I was born in Talbotton, Ga., July 10, 1884. My father, Thomas G. Jordan, moved to Macon County, Ala., in 1839. I was then four and a half years old; remained there until 1855, and settled and started life to myself, batchelling at the age of twenty and a half years old, near Midway, then in Barbour county now Bullock. I made a great mistake at the start, should not have bachelored at all. I lived as a bachelor for fourteen months, and married Miss Fannie A. Thornton February 14, 1856. Made the best crop that year that I ever made in my life of every article of produce. My grandfather was William Jordan, who was born in Virginia in 1744. My grandmother Jordan was a Miss Annie Medlock, who was born in Virginia. Grandfather Jordan was a revolutionary character. I suppose he was a citizen of North Carolina, Richmond county, during the revolution. He was wounded by the Tories or British in the thigh; was taken prisoner and was kept in prison until the surrender of Cornwallis in Wilmington, N. C. He removed from Richmond county, N. C. to Warren county, Ga., in about 1794. My father was his second child and was about six years old when grandfather moved to Georgia. Grandfather Jordan's history and record has always been an inspiration to me, although I never saw him, as he died in 1826, eight years before I was born. I have seen his honorable discharge. As the name Medlock is such an unusual name I claim relationship with the Med-

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locks. My mother was Miss Mary L. Chambliss. Her father was Christopher Chambliss. Grandfather Chambliss married a Miss Taylor. They were also born in Virginia. She was a relative to General Z. Taylor. Grandfather Chambliss was also a Revolutionary soldier. I am my mother's fourteenth child. She lived about one year after I was married. I claim relationship also with the Chambliss' as it is an uncommon name.

This country was wild and unsettled when my father removed to this state, about two years after the Indian troubles were over. A great many deer and wolves infested the forests—a fine range for cattle and Indian ponies. Mills were few and far between; no steam mills at all at that time. The year 1839 was an exceedingly dry year. My father had a hand mill which was propelled by manual labor. It required two stout men to run it successfully. It was run night and day continually. Neighbors would come for miles around to grind their corn. The more it was used the more water it would produce (perspiration.)

I started to school when I was six years old and continued at school until I was twelve and was making fairly good progress. My father needed me as errand boy, attend to stock, cultivate garden, vegetable patches, etc. He invariably kept me from school the last quarter to pick cotton, as I was a good picker; am certain that I have picked all of five bales during the picking season. I did no regular, constant work on the farm except cotton picking, though I was raised to industrious, business habits. I overseed for him three of four months when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, while the Mexican war was in progress. The overseer, Mr. Tharp enlisted for twelve months, and my brother Albert, who was ten years older than I, took the place of the overseer. About three months before the overseer returned my brother decided to go to the war, so my father spliced out with me until the overseer returned and occupied his former

position. Mr. Tharpe died about twelve months thereafter. When I started to school again I was about 15 years old, and thought I was more of a man than I have thought since. I did not agree with my teacher, so we did not get along well.

I consider that a year was lost, as nothing much was accomplished. I had gone to school at Society Hill five years and one at Uchee. I went another year at Society Hill at the age of 16, another teacher, a little Baptist preacher by the name of James Watt, a perfect gentleman. I made fair progress as I liked him very much. The two last years I went to school in Glennville, Barbour county, now Russell county. The teacher's name was John M. White, who was a good teacher, but I did not apply myself, did not use the opportunity as I ought to have done; my mind was on the farm. So I quituated and went to overseeing for my father on his home place when I was 18½ years old, with an ordinary English education. The three years I was absent from school caused me to miss a classical education. I was always very active and sprightly out of doors, and attended to my duties promptly and faithfully. My father raised a great deal of supplies at home, such as corn, fodder, oats, potatoes, peas, vegetables, etc., also negroes, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, etc.; did not raise much cotton (comparatively.) We lived on the stage road leading from Columbus to Montgomery at what was called Jordan's Cross Road, the former running east and west, the latter leading from Auburn to Union Springs, north and south. All travel then was in vehicles or on horseback. Movers, travelers, horse-drovers and hog-drovers could get such accommodations as they desired. Great many movers from the Carolinas and Georgia going west could be supplied. Those coming from the north going south with their horses and hogs could get such accommodations as were necessary. My mother raised a great deal of butter, eggs, hams, tur-



keys, chickens, ducks, etc., which she would send to Tuskegee every Saturday. She was always supplied with plenty of change, as she applied the proceeds of such produce as she desired. Times and customs are very different now from what they were then. Aside from producing supplies at home, all my father's blacksmith and woodwork was done at home; also making shoes. My mother had kerseys, osnaburgs, jeans, counterpanes, bedspreads, etc., manufactured at home; she had a seamstress, a cook and weaver, which supplied black and white with clothing for the negroes and every day clothing for her boys; would make nice jeans suits for her boys for winter wear for Sundays. The negro women did the spinning rainy days, and when they were in delicate health had their tasks in spinning and weaving; plow lines were made at home, and they lasted better and were more durable than those we buy now. One pair of every day shoes was allowed per year (of course they were only worn in cold weather) and were more durable than they are now. Children in those days walked from three to four miles to school. School hours were from 8 a. m. until about one hour by sun in the evening. They then had to study and recite at school, now they study at home and recite at school with about six hours at school. I would walk three miles to school, get home at sundown, have duties to perform, get up next morning at break of day, do chores until breakfast, and then start for school; would have the garden and vegetable patches to cultivate Saturdays, or some other jobs would have to be done. I would sometimes get some of my classmates to go home with me Friday evenings to help me work the garden soon Saturday morning so as to go fishing or hunting. Boys in those days would fish and hunt when not otherwise engaged. I have often picked cotton hard all day and then go opossum or coon hunting at night, and frequently be out all night and go to picking cotton early next morning. I remember while going

to school at Glennville, W. W. Screws, Noel Pitts, Adoniram Pitts and myself went coon hunting one night. We caught a large coon. About that time we heard a pack of hounds barking and yelling coming towards the Cowkees. They plunged into the creek and were swimming, barking and acting like they had treed something. We thought at first by the noise and actions of the dogs they were after a runaway negro. When we got to them they had stopped at an eddy place in the creek and would swim around and howl. We could see nothing and finally left them and went home. We afterwards ascertained that an old buck deer had taken to the water for refuge. Some hunters had been out cat hunting and the dogs struck the trail of the buck and they crowded him so closely that he made for deep water. So he backed himself near the bank of the creek with his nose out so that he could breathe. The dogs were afraid to venture as he doubtless had dipped several of them before we got to them, for the noise before we arrived at the deep hole in the creek sounded like a man striking the water with a stick. Parties went there the next day and saw the tracks of the buck on a sand-bar where he came out of the water. I guess Major Screws remembers the incident well, as I suppose it was the first and the last time he ever engaged in sport of this character. If we had known it was a deer we could have made a fire, remained there until the next morning and captured him.

When I was fourteen years old I made up my mind that I never would take a drink of ardent spirits so long as I lived. Did not join the temperance society. I never used profanity, as I did not think it brave, manly or gentlemanly to indulge in the same; would take the statement of one without profanity quicker and more readily than one who used profane and wicked words. There never was a more sober boy than I was, although I was inclined to fun and frolic. If a boy will form good habits in his teens they are apt to be indelible, vice versa if he

forms had ones, they will be hard to overcome after he becomes grown or a settled man. After forming good habits in youth, should he by force of association or otherwise be led off, it will be easier for him to get back to his former good habits. Should he reform after forming wicked and bad habits while young it will be easier and he will be more liable to get back on his old bad practices and habits. So it is very important that boys should form good habits while young. I may have occasion to refer to this thought or idea later on.

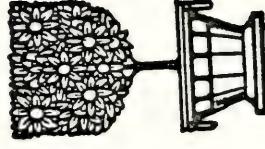
My father sold his plantations and stock and divided most of his property with his children, reserving a sufficiency for himself and my mother.

When I was, as stated previously, about 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ years old, he settled me near Midway in 1855. The next year, 1856, I married and made the best crop I ever made in my life of all kinds of produce. From that time until July, 1859, three or four years was the happiest and most satisfied part of my life. In 1857 Mr. R. T. Thornton, my father-in-law, died and left as co-executor of his will his oldest son Earley, a son-in-law who married his oldest daughter, Thos. K. Ellis, and myself. There was but little trouble in the management of the estate. Up to the commencement of the war my mother-in-law had two minor children. On the 9th of July 1859, my brother-in-law, John M. Watts died, leaving my widowed sister and eight minor children. Not from choice, but it became my duty to administer on the estate. Mr. White was the best school teacher I ever went to. When he died he was an attorney at law and had professional business with parties from New York to Texas. I had very limited experience in matters of this character. On account of his death I was necessarily compelled to employ an overseer as I had to be off from home so much I felt like a fish out of water. I employed Major Daniel to assist me, as he was convenient, he living in Midway,



THE AUTHOR AT 12 YEARS OF AGE.

a practising attorney. I finally learned some things about business; it was a great school to me. At first I hardly knew a receipt from a certificate or affidavit. I began at last to put in practice what I had learned theoretically at school. I believe a father ought to throw business responsibilities on his sons while growing up so as to make them practical. In the year 1860 the clouds of war began very visibly to appear. Preparations for it were seen in almost every community. I was a Whig, as my father was. John Bell, of Tennessee, was the nominee of the Whig and American party. Its motto was the Union, the constitution and the enforcement of its laws. There were two democratic parties, Union and Secession. The nominee of the former was Stephen Douglass, the enamee of the latter J. C. Breckenridge. Abraham Lincoln was elected, and state by state seceded. I will not go into the details as to the cause of the war, but will say, although a Whig and a Union man, after my state seceded I felt it as much my duty to serve in the Southern cause as if I had been a secessionist. We organized a company at Midway with nice uniforms and army guns. This was in 1860. The company was organized with J. W. Daniel as captain, who was a fine-looking officer and a good drill master; W. B. Bowen, first lieutenant; R. D. Thornton, second lieutenant; I. B. Feagin, third lieutenant; my brother Warren, first sergeant; myself fourth sergeant. The company drilled over a year before entering the service. When the services of the company was tendered to Governor Shorter in the spring of 1861, the company voted me out of it (unsolicited) on account of my business relations at home. My brother referred to above had just died and left me sole executor to his will, leaving a widow and four children. So I was then guardian or representative of a widowed sister with eight minor children, a widowed sister-in-law with four minor children, a widowed mother-in-law and two minor



children, a wife and three children and a dear old father; in all, consisting of three widows, a wife, seventeen minors and over one hundred slaves that had to be hired out or otherwise looked after.

CHAPTER II.

When the company tendered its services to Governor Shorter, as stated in the preceding chapter, he did not accept their services at that time, as he had more soldiers than he could arm or equip, and it was hoped at the same time that the trouble could be settled without war, but it was not long before war was imminent and really had commenced. The company went to Fort Mitchell in June, 1861. The Fifteenth Alabama Regiment was organized by Captain James Canty as Colonel; L. J. Treutlin, Lieutenant Colonel; Captain J. W. Daniel, major. Colonel Bowen and Colonel Thornton withdrew before going to Fort Mitchell. I. B. Feagin was made captain of Company B; W. P. Jones, first lieutenant; B. F. Coleman, second lieutenant and R. E. Wright third lieutenant. The company went immediately to Richmond, Va. When I was voted out of the company (unsolicited) I told the men I would go to them as soon as I could arrange my business. I felt sure that we would need every available man before the trouble ended. I did not consider that it would be merely children's play. Future events showed that I was correct. The citizens of Midway beat No. 1, elected me captain of the militia. I drilled them about eight months. Had 145 men in the company. Frequently I had to go to Clayton for regimental drill. Colonel Lovard Lee was colonel of the militia. I would have enlisted at an earlier day, but could not get such suitable persons to act as agent for two of the estates of which I was executor and administrator. My older brother, Ira, 16 years older than I am, too old for service, and a prudent, good manager, I wished to act as agent in White's estate; Maj. James Feagin, also a prudent man, of good business tact and a relative to my brother's widow, too old for service, I wanted to

act as agent for my brother's estate of which I was executor. They would put me off by saying that I was greatly needed at home and my services in the army was not urgent enough to require my service.

After the first battle of Manassas the enemy were pressing our border, and so on the 15th of March, 1862, I enlisted. My brother Ira and James Feagin consented to act as agents of said estates. My wife's oldest brother Earley Thornton, decided about the same time to go to war. He was co-executor with me and Thomas Ellis, who were co-executors of my father-in-law's will. Mr. Ellis married my wife's oldest sister. He being a delicate man, remained at home and attended to the business of said estate. I also appointed him my individual agent. Early Thornton soon died, being discharged at Tupelo, Miss., he came home and died within twelve hours after his arrival. When I enlisted in the war I returned my commission as captain to Governor Shorter. At the end of the last drill I was appointed in charge of assembling of the men into a recruiting service, and it was the first effort I ever made to make a public talk. I had 145 men in line, made them a short talk and had eighteen to enlist and carried them to Virginia. Recruiting officers from each company had been sent home to recruit men for the same, as a great many had died of measles, camp fever and typhoid fever, etc. During the fall and winter of 1861 and '62 Lieutenant Jones and Sergeant Taylor had an easy time as recruiting officers, as I did the work for them. On the day that I had the militia men to enlist Captain Hargrove of Clayton, came to me and offered me a lieutenant's place in his company of 60 men that he had raised if I would use or throw my influence with him in raising his company. I told him that the enemy was pressing our border; that we had organizations enough, that what was needed was strengthening. I had promised Company B, 15th Alabama, that I would

go to them as soon as I could make satisfactory arrangements. It was a considerable trial and sacrifice for a young man to leave his father and mother, but for a man to leave a wife and three children, a widowed sister minor children and a dear old father, required some and eight minor children, a widowed sister-in-law with four minor children, a good mother-in-law with two nerve, will power and determination. These estates with my own and my father's consisted of about one hundred slaves that had to be seen after. I have never met a man that had as great hindrances and obstructions in his way in preparing to get into service as I had. We appointed a time to take the train at Georgetown, Ga., just across the river opposite Eufula. That was the terminus at that time of the Central Railroad. I rode day and night getting my business in as good shape as I could. I was sick when we arrived at Richmond and went to a private boarding house for a few days. The men were assigned to the old St. Charles hotel at Richmond.

In a few days we were sent to Gordonsville. There we drew guns, equipment, etc. James Hancock, John Cosby and myself had agreed to mess together and had a negro to wait on us. On our way through North Carolina we bought a box of tobacco at Raleigh, thinking it would be appreciated by the men of the company, but were ordered from Gordonsville to march to Brandy Station on the Rappahannock river. We were fortunate to sell the tobacco to a Mississippi regiment by taking a great many chinplasters for pay. A great deal of it we never could use as currency. We had more baggage than we could carry. It was a severe march to Brandy Station, as I was very unwell. We put up one night at Culpepper Courthouse. Had very poor fare. Just before we arrived at our command we passed Maj. Wheat's battalion of Louisiana Tigers. Saw a man swung by the thumbs. We found our command in the line of battle, having just fallen back from Manassas. Never were

soldiers introduced into more severe service than we recruits were. Capt. Robert Hill's company from Perote arrived the same day, making the eleventh company of the 15th Alabama regiment. In the fall back from Manassas supplies of every character were lost—tents, provisions, medical stores, etc. The command was in the mud, sleet and rain without shelter or provisions. The first night I stood up all night by a big log fire, as I could not lie down in the mud. The next day I could not walk. Had nothing to eat, no appetite and was in a terrible condition. Feagin's negro, Dick, got a blanket and stretched some kind of a covering for me and got some wheat straw out of Col. Canby's stables and made me a bed, together with my own baggage; got some turpentine, rubbed my legs, and did all he could for me. I never will forget him.

Dr. Drake had just resigned and Dr. Briggs had been appointed temporary surgeon of the regiment. He came around and gave me a lot of blue mass. The next morning he came at his regular time and found that the medicine did not have the desired effect. He told me that he did not have any purgatives as the medical stores had all been lost on the retreat from Manassas. Charlie Smith, Col. Canby's forage master, had a bottle of oil and he very kindly gave me a dose. I lingered in camp for about one week, never able even to go on dress parade, and was sent on an ambulance about one and a half or two miles to take the train. Lewis Johns of my company, was sent with me, who was also very sick. About two hours after arriving at said station, the train came along and carried us to Culpepper Courthouse. We were put off there at a barn for our quarters, to be ready the next morning at 9 o'clock to take the train. I suggested and insisted that we should hunt better quarters, as I had promised my wife that when necessary I would take the best care of myself that I could. I told Johns that if he would not go with me I would leave my bedding with him, as the weather was cold and it would be pleasant to put with



It was impossible for me to make a search; they were strangers to me and there was no one that I had a kinder or more sympathetic feeling for than a true Confederate soldier; that they were acting in bad faith toward me. In about one minute a large, dark complected man with heavy whiskers, a South Carolinian, came to me and handed me my purse, stating that he had kept it so long so as to make an impression on me. Said that there were men there that would even take my money out of my pockets if they knew they would not be caught. And stated further that he would not have had my money lost, whereby he might be suspected for the amount; that one of the Louisiana Tigers proposed to him they would go out and divide.

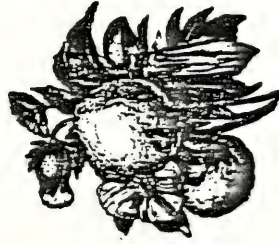
When I started to look for lodging he followed me out of the house and reiterated what I have already narrated. I told him that I was more careless than I would have been were I well. I gave him the credit of being honest and making a true statement, though I sometimes thing my appeal hurt his conscience so as to compel him to deliver my purse to me. However, I am always inclined to praise the bridge that lands me safely over. I went about one hundred yards and an old gentleman took me in, provided me with a good bed, had a negro boy to bathe my feet in warm water and gave me my breakfast the next morning for one dollar.

I returned to where I had left Johns the evening before in ample time to do up my bedding before the train arrived. Johns seemed to be about the same. I felt some better than I did when I left him. When the train arrived I got on as best I could with great effort. I saw nothing of Johns any more. I suppose that he got on another car. When I arrived at Gordonsville some of the cars were switched off to Richmond. The car that I was on went to Charlottesville. All on it were ordered off there. Other cars went on to Lynchburg. I have heard since that Johns went to Lynchburg and died there

in making him as comfortable a bed or pallet as possible; that I would be on time to take the train the next morning. He seemed to have but little life or energy. I bumbled across the street and enquired where I could get me accommodation. I had eaten nothing in over a week. It was told that near by there was a family consisting of a man, wife and daughter in rather limited circumstances, but they would treat me all right. I went in. There was only one large room to the house. I found about one dozen soldiers seated at the table eating their supper. The table was filled up. I asked if I could get some refreshments and was told that I could as soon as vacant space was made. I was asked to take a chair. The man sitting at the head of the table vacated his chair first. A plate was prepared and I took my seat there. After having a little, drank some coffee, eat very little as I had no appetite, trying to force a meal, as I thought it necessary to do so. The supper consisted of coffee, ham, eggs, biscuit, etc., very desirable for a well man. When finished I turned in my chair and asked the young lady the amount of my bill. She stated 50 cents, which I thought quite reasonable. I drew my purse and took a pad of chinplasters, placed my purse in my lap, stood up and handed her the chinplasters to take pay out of them. I took my seat waiting for her to get her pay. After looking through them she stated that she supposed most of them were passable, but she preferred Confederate money. I told her very well, she would have to change a bill for me. I felt for my purse but could not find it. I then looked at every man straight in the eye and made an appeal to them, stating that I was sick and far from home. That I had brought this money with me in case of emergencies and necessities. That I had ninety-five dollars in Confederate money but was not able to pay for my supper. That I had heard money was the best friend a man could have off from home among strangers, sick, and that some of them had my money.



the hospital. I managed to pull up to the South Carolina hospital, known before the war as the Harris House, it had been used as a boarding house for young men going to college at the university. I never will forget the impression of a lady just opposite the Harris house. I asked her for a drink of water, and she very kindly told a servant to carry the poor soldier a drink of water. He spoke it so tenderly and kindly that it made a deep impression.



CHAPTER III.

After being refreshed by the cool drink of water, I hobbled up to the hospital referred to in the preceding chapter. It was a two-story building. I was carried to the second story in an 8-foot room where there was only one bunk vacant. I found a Mr. George M. Daugherty, of the twenty-first Georgia regiment, convalescent, having had typhoid fever; and a Mr. Holler of the twenty-first North Carolina regiment, who was very sick with typhoid fever.

I remained in said hospital for several days, imagining that I was some better as I had a good shelter and good protection and was well cared for otherwise, but nothing that I ate was at all relished. Lieutenant Wilson of Company H of my regiment, happened to be sent to the same hospital. There is where I made his acquaintance, and he was present among the soldiers when I lost my money at Culpepper, but we were then strangers, knew nothing of each other. About the fourth day after my arrival at the hospital I went with Lieut. Wilcox down to the University postoffice to get some literature to read. While there a shower came and I got a little damp. The next morning Dr. Walker came around at his regular time with his steward and found me in bed. He remarked, Jordan, are you lying up. I told him yes, Dock, I have gone as long as I can go. He made a very close examination of my condition and the steward took down the prescription. After he had finished his examination, I asked him what was the matter with me. He stated that it would do me no good to know. He could not have adopted a better plan to alarm me. (Dr. Walker was a South Carolinian.) Shortly after Mrs. Madry, the matron, came in and took a seat at the foot of my bunk. I asked her what the doctor thought was the mat-

ter with me. She replied it is a case of old-fashioned genuine dry tongue typhoid fever, and to be patient, that she had never lost a case in her life; that I might have to lie there six or more weeks. I told her that I regretted to be in that condition, but would try to make the best of it I could. Mrs. Madry was also a South Carolinian. (Lieut.) Wilson lost a leg at Knoxville, Tenn., in the fall of 1863. He is now living in Belton, Bell county, Texas. George M. Daugherty survived the war and died in this state about twelve years ago.) I soon became delirious especially at night, was rambling, imagining I was in Alabama and then in Virginia, perishing for the want of water. I had become familiar with some figures cut on the plastered wall by my bunk. When the nurse would come around in the night to administer medicine with his lamp I could see the figures on the wall, and for a moment would know that I was in Virginia. As soon as the nurse would leave I would be rambling in Alabama and would then become very restless. Mr. Daugherty would speak to me and I would mind him like a child. I can imagine today hearing his voice when I would attempt to get up, saying to me, what are you going to do, Mr. Jordan? Lie down, Mr. Jordan. Finally, one night I very shyly got to the door but could not unbolt it, but went to the window and went down a post to the ground into the back yard in my night clothing, thinking I was in my plantation and knew where there was a nice spring where I could get as much water as I wanted. I have a faint recollection of that night today. The next thing I remember, which is like a faint dream, I pulled off my socks, thinking I could travel better. The next and last of my remembrance for twenty-two days the nurse found me packing mud and frost just before day a quarter of a mile from the hospital in the broad streets of Charlottesville. I have a faint recollection of asking him to carry me back. I collapsed there and never knew that I existed for twenty-two days. I shall always believe that

had I been allowed a reasonable amount of water, I never would have lost consciousness entirely of dreams and imaginations, nor made my exit from the hospital. When I came to myself a change had been made as to doctors and matrons. Mrs. Tarr of Virginia, had taken Mrs. Madry's place; Mrs. Madry had been sent to Petersburg. Dr. Shepherd had taken the place of Dr. Walker; Dr. Walker had been sent to Petersburg. Dr. Shepherd was a voluntary surgeon from Eufula, Ala. Before getting off of my bunk to leave the hospital to hunt water, I have a slight recollection of imagining I wanted to do some trading. I had my money in my purse placed in a pocket attached to my underclothes. I tried to get it out but it got into a twist or tangle and I tore it out and left it on my bunk. Mr. Daugherty discovered it and counted it out to the doctor and made a memorandum of my postoffice address from my diary book, and said if I died he intended to write to the postmaster at Midway, Ala. Will say by way of parenthesis that Daugherty stuck to me and befriended me as close as a brother. The first thing I remember after being unconscious for twenty-two days, was one night there were seated around a small center table five soldiers playing cards and smoking pipes. I could not move a limb of my body except my right hand. I could move my fingers a little; could not speak; I did so much desire that they would quit smoking, as it seemed I would suffocate from tobacco smoke, but had no way of making my wants known, but was cheerful and happy. I had such faith that I knew I would recover; was not in the least troubled about my wife, children and affairs at home, but was appreciative and thankful that God had spared and provided for me. I was told that for three days Dr. Shepherd would come around at his regular times and ask if Jordan was dead. He did not give me any medicine for three days. Mrs. Tarr was very attentive and had me to swallow a small portion of butter-milk. I vomited, and soon thereafter she perceived a



light reaction. In about one week after I had become conscious I could whisper a little but could not move my left hand or feet. A Mr. Henderson from Texas came in to see me and said I had been the sickest man he ever saw; that he had been waiting on me for weeks but I knew nothing of it. He stated further that he then felt able to do service; was having his rations prepared to save for his command; that he believed I would get well, and asked me if I did not want to hear some music. I whispered to him that I did. He took a seat by my bunk with his violin and gave me the best music I ever heard. I don't want to be any happier in the next world, as my trip was full, could contain no more. I do believe that with some temperaments in certain diseases at certain ages there is nothing to equal music, for it enthuses the whole system. I tried to dance, but of course I could not move my feet or legs, but I made the attempt, no wish or painful inclination whatever, but from a godly, spiritual motive that prompted my feelings and efforts.

I remained in the hospital first and last about three months. Was there when Col. Turner Ashley was killed. The Confederacy lost a great deal when Ashley was knocked out. My regiment had its first engagement at Port Republic or Cross Keyes while I was at hospital. The university was temporarily converted into a hospital. Several of my company were killed and wounded. The wounded were sent to Charlottesville at the University. I had improved slowly so as to hobble about my room and found five of my regiment in an adjoining room who had been there five weeks. I crawled in to see them one evening. Had got so I could talk, though very weak. I crawled back to my room, was placed in a large chair and commenced talking as I felt like a bird let out of a cage, but went too far, fainted and fell out of my chair. The doctor cautioned me not to talk so much; said it was weakness.

The first day I was taken from my bunk I was placed in a large chair with pillows packed around me, near a window facing the University. It was a nice, clear spring day. The buds on the wild locust trees had not commenced swelling when I took my bunk, but the leaves were full grown now. I thought the world was prettier than I had ever seen it. The University grounds were set out with the locust. I attempted to write my wife a letter with a pencil, sitting in that chair, as there was a large rest-board on the right of it. I pencilled her eleven lines on small paper. It took me about four hours to do it. Would make about three attempts to make one letter, being so nervous and weak; my fingers were very tender, as if they had been scraped. My wife had not heard from me in about eleven weeks, neither had my company.

I continued gradually to improve. The attendants came to me frequently while trying to write and wanted me to go back to my bunk, but I begged them to let me remain until I finished my letter, as it was more pleasant and comfortable than my bunk. After the battle of Port Republic, Jackson was on the railroad near Stanton, just before he made his flank movement on Richmond. Dr. Shepherd told me that I ought to have a furlough, but he was not arranged so as to grant furloughs. Said I must take the train and go to Jackson; that I would have no trouble in finding the command and get a furlough. To leave my baggage and take a canteen of brandy and my stick, get my furlough and return there; get three days' rations and my baggage and go home. He cautioned me particularly to be sure to sleep that night under roof. I took the train leading to Stanton, went about twenty miles and overtook a freight train that had run off the track, so we came to a stand-still. While sitting there I saw straggling soldiers hopping along. After a while I saw a Mr. Roney of my regiment with whom I was acquainted. I asked him what was he up to, or where he was going. He told me that he was on the sick list and



was straggling after the army. Said our regiment had gone on. I was very feeble; did not know what to do as I had exercised little; had walked up to the University once to see the wounded comrades, would stop every hundred or two yards to rest. I knew there was no use to go farther on the train to find General Jackson, and I felt too feeble to make the struggle after the army. I finally decided to try it. I got off the train, had to ascend an embankment to get over on the right or south side, was so weak that I got on my knees and would pull up by twigs or sprigs of grass. I noticed a pathway had been beaten out through the wheat that stragglers had made, so I followed the beaten path through the wheat until I came to a fence. There I found my man Roney lying in a fence corner. I gave him a drink of brandy from my canteen, thinking it would brace him up a little. We crossed in a road and soon came across two soldiers of my regiment who were getting cherries. We soon became acquainted and they told me they would assist me in getting to my command. I tickled them a little more with some of the contents of my canteen. I arrived in camp about dark, as the regiment did not go very far that evening. I passed a few compliments with my comrades and was told that near by I could get lodging under a roof. A short ways I found a house. The proprietor told me that he was overrun; that he had no bed for me. I told him my condition and that I wanted shelter from the night air. He said he could make a pallet. I told him that was as good as I wanted. Soon after I got quiet and comparatively comfortable, he unexpectedly brought me a pone of bread and a picher of butter milk, which I very much relished and appreciated. The next morning I went to my command, and the company was in the act of starting on the march in the direction of Charlottesville to the point where I had taken the train the evening before.

CHAPTER IV.

I did not feel able to march, but I was a raw soldier and knew nothing of army regulations, decided that my only chance was to try to march with my company. With a great deal of worry I went with them for about a mile. Colonel Treutlin, who was then in temporary command of the regiment ordered Lieutenant W. D. Wood to have me put in the wagon. Captain Feagin was on the sick list and was riding in the ambulance. Colonel Canty was in temporary command of the brigade, as General Jackson had sent General Trimble on business to Richmond. We arrived in camp about one and a half miles from Charlottesville about 12 noon. Lieut. R. E. Wright made out my application for a furlough for thirty days and the officers signed it late that afternoon, so late before the last one signed it that it made it necessary for me to remain in camp that night. I slept in a wall tent with my company officers. I went early the next morning to Charlottesville to have my rations prepared for going home. Dr. Shepherd provided me with a canteen of brandy to travel with. Three wounded men of my regiment came with me—Dr. J. Y. Boyd, William Robinson and a Mr. Meridith—all wounded in the hand or wrist. I arrived home safely, my wife having no limitation of my coming home. Dr. John Bledsoe was my family physician. He advised me to use whiskey. The spell of sickness I passed through came very near making me a drunkard. I prayed earnestly and sincerely to overcome the desire for it, having formed sober, temperate habits while a boy. By the grace of God I was enabled to overcome it. I wish to state before I go further that Henry Miller alias Jefferson, a blue-eyed mulatto, an educated man, was the night nurse at the hospital, and I feel that on account of his watchfulness,

promptness and kindness I owe my existence. He was the man that found me when I escaped the hospital. I never shall forget him. We corresponded up to a few years ago. He was janitor at the University when I last heard from him, and had been ever since the war. I wish to say in this connection that John P. Mayo, who lived about two miles from Charlottesville, in the Blue Ridge mountains, had me to stay with him several days, and used to bring me refreshments when he would come to town. I called him my Virginia daddy and Mrs. Tarr, matron, my Virginia mother. I corresponded with Mr. Mayo after the war as long as he lived. Mrs. Tarr is also dead.

I must try to be more brief, as I want to get to the spring of 1863, where I first fired at a blue jacket. I improved smartly after I got home for a few days, and decided one day that I would go in my buggy, about eight miles, to see my comrade, Mr. William Robinson. It was too much for me; so I had a slight relapse and had to have the attention of my family physician. About this time Early Thornton, my brother-in-law, came home from Tupelo, discharged from service, having galloping consumption. He reached Tuskegee. His mother heard of it and brought him home. As soon as she arrived she sent the carriage for me to go to see him. With assistance I got in the carriage and the doctor and Mr. Ellis assisted me into the house. I fainted as soon as I ascended the steps of the house, and an hour or so afterwards I was carried into the room where Early was lying. He recognized me and asked me how I was getting on. I told him slowly. I asked him how he felt. He said tolerably well. My assistants saw that I was quite weak and carried me to bed. Early died that night, about twelve hours after he got home. The grave yard is about one hundred yards from the house, but I was unable to attend the burial. It will be remembered that the

first chapter shows that Early Thornton was co-executor also Thomas Ellis, with me in the estate of my father-in-law. I had my furlough extended sixty days on account of my physical condition. It was in October, 1862, shortly after the battle of Sharpsburg, before I returned to my command. I knew when I started back to the army that I was not in condition to do service, but I wanted to show a willingness to do so—wanted to live above suspicion as to skulking or shirking duty. I found my command at Bunker Hill, about twelve miles above Winchester, Va. The next day after my arrival the army went off several days, fifteen or twenty miles, to tear up and destroy a railroad. I was left with the sick. When the army returned we marched in the direction of Frederickburg. I hobbled along the best I could on my stick, with a great deal of pain and exertion the first day, and was started the next day in an open wagon for Stanton, which was about 100 miles from our camp, near White Post, Va. Three other men of my regiment beside the wagoner were sent with me. There was a light snowfall that morning, the first that fell that fall. William Carpenter, of Pike County, was the wagoner. Thos. Bass, of my company, had hemorrhage of the lungs; James Melvin, of Henry county, had measles, and Mr. Riley looked like a corpse, with no energy and but little life in him. I had the regular all-overs generally. I told the wagoner that at the first opportunity I wanted him to have my canteen filled with apple brandy; that it was necessary; that it would act as a stimulant and opiate. We went on about five miles and came to a cross road. An old lady had a fire, some sandwiches and a keg of brandy. I had the canteen filled and told the men to help themselves; that it was ours. Riley drank but little, the balance partook of it freely. We arrived in Sharpsburg about sundown. Carpenter carried Bass about one mile on a mule and got lodging for him. I tried to get lodging in a house near by, but it was overcrowded. So I went up

in a barn where I found some cornstalks, smoothed them off as best I could and made my bed or pallet on the cornstalks. I had an overcoat, rubber and a blanket. About the time I got quiet the wagoner brought Riley to me and asked me if they could put him by me. I told them they could. (Riley had no bedding.) Soon after the wagoners left I asked Riley if he was lying comfortably. He made no reply. I had occasion to get up quite often that night and would slip from under the cover as quietly as possible and slide under again when I returned to my bed, so as not to disturb him. Just before day I went out and told the wagoners that Riley seemed to be comfortable; that he was very quiet. When I went back to awake him so as to do up my bedding, as we wanted to get an early start, he was as cold and stiff as stilliards. I positively don't believe that he lived five minutes after the wagoners placed him by me. If I had been well and properly at myself, I would have known when he died. We brought him on to Edinburg and the wagon sergeant had him buried. There were two Georgia soldiers in a wagon just behind us, one was destitute of a hat and the other was barefooted. Riley had a good wool hat and a good pair of brogan shoes, so I gave the hat and shoes to the two men that were in need of them. We arrived at Stanton about sundown of the fourth day; went to the hospital and remained there just twenty-four hours. The superintendent said that he had sent all the men on the first train that were able to travel to other hospitals, and those that were not able would have to stay there and die, or take chances. So the next evening Bass, Melvin and myself were sent to Richmond. Dr. Gavin gave me six opium pills to travel on so as to get to Richmond. We arrived about day the next morning. An ambulance carried us to the distributing hospital. There we got breakfast and were then sent to the Second Alabama hospital. Dr. Baker of Eufaula, brother of Gen. Alpheus Baker, was superintendent of said hospital. Dr.

Baker told me after examining me that he was going to furlough me home as soon as practicable, as he knew it would be economy to do so. The next day he was transferred to the hospital at Eufaula, and Dr. Barr was put in charge of the Second Alabama hospital. I remained there about one week, and told Dr. Barr that I would like for him to send me home; that Dr. Baker had told me that he thought it best that I should be sent home on a furlough and remain until the next spring. Dr. Barr told me that he would do so, but that it was best for me to be patient and be treated by him two weeks and then he would make application; thought it would have better influence after he had exhausted his skill. So in about three weeks I received a furlough for thirty days in the month of December 1862. My comrade saw that I was going to get a furlough and asked me to try to influence Dr. Barr to make application for him also. I did and Bass and I came home together. Just before starting home, I went to see Gov. T. H. Watts on some business, he then was attorney general; it was the first time I ever saw him, he was very approachable and made a favorable impression upon me; my furlough was extended 60 days after I came home. I arranged my matters the best I could for a year and returned to my command in April of 1863 and found Hood's division at Suffolk, Va. I carried a box of provisions with me weighing 200 or more pounds, but could not carry it any further than Black Water, so I left it there, hoping I could get the quarter-master or commissary to get it to Suffolk for me as I was still in a feeble condition. It was about eighteen miles to Suffolk as well as I could remember. I was completely exhausted when I arrived at my command, but I determined to go as long as I could stand. I told my men that I would rather stand and shoot Blue Jackets all day than to march all day, they laughed and made light of my



remark, but in a few days the remark was exemplified in the battle at Suffolk on Sunday. During my absence from sickness, furloughs, etc., the regiment and company was engaged in the following battles:

Cross Keys, June 8, 1862; Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; Malvern Hill, Va., July 2, 1862. Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Hazle River, August 22, 1862; Manassas Plain, August 29, 1862; Chartilla, September 1, 1861; Harper's Ferry, September 13, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; Shepardstown, Va. September 19, 1862; Fredericksburg, Va., December 15, 1862.

So it will be seen that I missed a great deal of service by sickness, but was almost continually in service from the battle of Suffolk to the close of the war.

Before I left my command near White Post for Stanton, my officers advised me to get a substitute, as I had tried the service twice, and was not physically able to discharge the duties of a soldier. Then I was furloughed again from Richmond, my neighbors insisted on my getting a substitute, as they thought I would never be able to stand the exposure and arduous duties that were necessary for a soldier to experience; further more they argued that I was greatly needed at home, by taking care of myself I could be very useful at home, attention to the 100 slaves that I was guardian or representative of, and seeing after the interest of the fourteen minor children and three widows, a wife and three children and a dear old father. They argued that under the circumstances that I would be as patriotic in procuring a substitute as I was in first enlisting. I was very loath to consent to it, as I wanted to be above suspicion in trying to shirk, and as I have a natural turn for military. I do not wish to be considered at all egotistic in making the foregoing remarks, but I feel sure that the reader later on will be satisfied that I am not mistaken, when I say I have a military turn of mind.

I did send two able bodied men to take my place, but after they arrived at the command they both backed out and came back home. I then went but was badly crippled in my feet and legs, and had chronic diarrhoea. Had I remained at home, doubtless I would have been an invalid all my life, as I would have placed myself under treatment of my physician and laid up in bed half of my time, and never would get well at all, but as I made up my mind to go, as long as I could stand, by doing so I actually wore the disease out, by exposure and determination. I will say that the Confederacy lost more men from disease than with bullets, a great many died from despondency, a man's temperament had a great deal to do as to how he would come out. It was very important to be cheerful, hopeful and determined, not to cross bridges before you get to them, and always look on the bright side of a thing, and never take on more than you can kick off. If it were possible for me to part with what little literary attainments I am blessed with or my experience, and had to give up one or the other, I certainly would let the literary go, though I believe in education.

I have had experience enough to know that a man can kill a horse after he goes through the hardening process.

The next chapter I will commence with my first engagement fought at Suffolk, Va., May 8, 1863. I hope to interest the reader more in the following chapters than those that I have already written. It occupied more space than I calculated that it would and I left out a great many things on account of taking up so much space. I had been anxious to get to the front where I went to the ranks and filled my place continuously to the close of the war. The welding heat was on when I recovered so as to fill the place of dutiful, faithful and obedient soldier.

CHAPTER V.

General Hood's division was composed of Law's Alabama brigade, Bennings' Georgia brigade, Anderson's Georgia brigade, Jenkins' South Carolina brigade and Robinson's Texas brigade. The brigade was first Hood's until he was promoted to major-general. He was a fine division commander. I doubt if the Confederacy had his superior. I loved his spirit. He was kind, brave and a patriot, would go where he wanted his men to go. Perhaps his calibre was not sufficient to command a corps or a department, this I shall not say, but he was a fine division commander. I have often heard Hood condemned and abused since the war, but I invariably defend him when I hear him abused, as I very much admired the spirit of the man, pity that we did not have more Hoods.

When I arrived near Suffolk where my command was situated, they were in a state of expectation of a battle, as some sharp-shooting, shelling and scouting reports indicated that something would soon take place. Captain Cousins would come in from a scouting expedition and report the condition and the position of the enemy and sometimes enter their lines. He was a very remarkable character. Just before getting to my command the litter bearers had brought several wounded men to the field hospital. There is where I first saw limbs amputated. It was a very horrible sight to me at first. Frequently a doctor would dissect a limb after it was amputated, and after they got through the limbs would be carried off collectively and buried. A few days after my arrival on Sunday 3d day of May, 1863, we had a sharp engagement, more of a skirmish than a regular engagement, as General Hood's purpose was not to bring on a general engagement. My regiment formed in line of battle, left our baggage in the rear and skirmished through

a scope of woods until we came to a fence that was situated between a large field and the woods. We halted and commenced firing with considerable spirit, the enemy repulsed us having brought in reinforcements but we rallied and pressed back to the fence to our former position. The engagement was quite lively and spirited, but finally we fell back some two hundred yards, formed and remained in that position until about 12 o'clock that night. We had several wounded and killed that day. I came very near being shot in the first engagement. I was in the corner of the fence behind a sapling. A ball struck so near my face that particles of the bark spattered in my face and caused the blood to ooze out, the only blood I lost in the war by the missiles of the enemy.

As soon as night came on General Hood commenced falling back to Black Water. My regiment was kept on picket until 12 o'clock that night to cover the retreat of the army. This was the first duty I ever did as a vidette. I was put on post at 10 p. m. and remained until I was relieved at 12, and detailed with another soldier to go back and collect our baggage together preparatory to following the command, Captain Cousins commanding us. We came out quietly after the army had been gone several hours. It was the most solemn occasion I had ever experienced up to that time. Everything was still and quiet, except the enemy would fire a siege piece at intervals of one minute apart. Having had some friends and neighbors killed and wounded and being feeble and hungry I had some very serious thoughts. We marched the balance of the night, in rather a hurried march, but the enemy did not pursue. When we fell back from the fence the last time, I came by James Willis of my company, who was shot through the bowels. The balance of my company was out of my sight, having retreated through the woods. I had a few words with Willis. I saw there was no hope for him, it was a great

trial for me to leave him but that was the only thing I could do.

Frank Callaway was killed that day and Neil McKaskill, and perhaps others. Several were wounded. Next morning just before arriving at Black Water I saw an old schoolmate belonging to the Fourth Alabama in the corner of a fence by the name of Jasper Ingram. I was very hungry and had nothing to eat. He gave me two biscuits. I told him to call around when we got to Black Water and I would fill his haversack, as I had left my box there. We arrived at Black Water about 12 m., opened my box and we had a great feast, as we remained there three hours resting and cooking rations. At that time there were a half dozen of us messing together. I told my men to take such as they thought they could carry, as I could carry but little myself, gave the balance to the company; that evening we marched in the direction of Petersburg on our way to Gettysburg, passed through Richmond thence to Frederick Hall, from thence to Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan river. We were there on picket duty for about ten days or two weeks. The finest clover pasture I ever saw was there, owned by Colonel Porter and as fine milch cows. Some of the soldiers would milk Colonel Porter's cows in their canteens. I was on vidette duty near the ford one day, and as soon as I stood my time out, I got a pass to go foraging and got a good dinner at a Mr. Stringfellow's about one mile from the ford. Dr. Morton, a very reputable citizen, lived below on the river about two miles at or near Morton's Ford. I had not heard from home since I left, which was about five weeks, being in active service our mails were irregular. One evening after roll call at Raccoon Ford, the sergeant handed me a letter. I saw it was from my wife. I was very eager to see the contents of it. I never had been so shocked in all my life up to that time. It was a short letter giving an account of my two year old son's death; my other two children were girls. The little fellow had

become very much attached to me while at home on furlough. I could not turn around for him. He was a large, healthy, well-grown child. We had never made a light for him. He was taken with the measles the day I left home, and died the ninth day. Dr. Bledsoe was with him constantly for three days. It completely unhinged and wilted me for about three days. Finally I became submissive to it, as it seemed I was rebelling against God. By the grace of God I to an extent became reconciled. He gave him to me and He had the right if He so willed it to take him to Himself. I reasoned thus: Should I have raised him perhaps he might have given me a great deal of trouble, and all things work together for good for those who love God, who are called according to his purpose, and these afflictions work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. It was a great trial indeed. I kissed the little fellow the morning I left home to go back to the army, as he was asleep, before day, and I had to get to the train. I really idolized him, as he was the only son I had, and he was such a healthy looking, manly little fellow.

Went from Raccoon Ford to Culpepper, after remaining there about a week or ten days before we started to Gettysburg. I have always believed that I made a blue jacket bite the dust at Suffolk, as I had a good chance at him. I was at the fence, he was at the left off to himself and no one shot at him or saw him but myself. Sometimes you shoot one down and wound him badly and still he may recover. The day that we left Culpepper for Gettysburg it was very warm, being the 9th of June. The soldiers had been resting for several weeks in the vicinity of Culpepper and comparatively with but little drilling. We did have a general review of Hood's division when at Raccoon Ford, and there was a review of General Stewart's cavalry at Culpepper. More men fainted and fell out of rank the day we left Culpepper than I ever saw before or since. Although afflicted as I was

I never did straggle from ranks, but suffered intolerably and inexpressibly. I could not possibly turn over in my tent at night after marching all day, to change my position. I would have to crawl fish out of my tent and get up to change my position. I neglected to relate a circumstance which occurred while at Culpepper. One evening an alarm was that the enemy was advancing on Kelley's bridge on the Rappahannock. We marched there hurriedly about fifteen or eighteen miles and arrived about dusk. A detail was made to go on picket. I was one of the detail. My part was at the abutment of the bridge in the road. I stood from 10 to 12 and was relieved. The alarm turned out to be false, so we returned to Culpepper the next morning.

On our way to Gettysburg we passed through Winchester and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport. We had to wade through. It had a very rough, rocky bottom. Water was about four and a half to five feet deep; all got perfectly wet. We found some whiskey at Williamsport, dried and cooked some rations, and marched across the neck of Maryland into Pennsylvania. So we were in three states that day. Left camps in Virginia, marched through Maryland into Pennsylvania. On our way to Gettysburg we passed through Green Castle, Chambersburg and did picket duty at or near a place called New Guilford. We left that place about 2 o'clock in the night in the evening of July 2d. The men were tired and hungry. Will say, however, that I don't believe that a better army ever trod the earth than the one which followed General Lee to Gettysburg as they were immune to service, had gone through the hardening process, were well disciplined, were in good spirits and in the main were well officered. It was certainly the grandest army, although they were poorly clad and provisions scarce. Still they had a courage, determination and patriotism. That is a credit to the whole of the American people, but as will be seen farther on fate was against Lee and the cause

he was battling for, it was intended to be as it turned out to be. Endurance, determination, patriotism and heroism were not lacking to make a success of the southern arms. Positions, overwhelming numbers and advantage in facilities all combined and resulted in a drawn battle at Gettysburg. I contend that both sides were badly crippled and weakened, but the federals had innumerable supplies of men and everything to draw from, which enabled them to strengthen their forces. The campaign from Suffolk to Gettysburg was made entirely on foot, though we made stops at Frederick Hall, Raccoon Ford and Culpepper Court House. It is wonderful that a man in my condition never straggled on the long march. I have thought of it frequently and have never been able to express in a way to give anything like a true idea of what I endured. Can simply say that it was terrible.



CHAPTER VI.

General Longstreet's corps was composed of Hood's Division, McLaw's Division and Pickett's Division. As stated in preceding chapters we arrived in Gettysburg about 4 p. m., on the extreme right of General Lee's army. We had marched about 80 miles, as it was about that far from New Guilford to Gettysburg, consequently the men were hungry and very much fatigued. It has been said that General Hood remonstrated with Lee and Longstreet to countermand the order directing us to charge the enemy at that time and place, told them we would go if the command was given, but the result would be, he would be left without a command. Lee and Longstreet still persisted, and the order was executed at great disadvantage, as our line was too short. My regiment being on the extreme right. While forming, we were under heavy shelling. The first order was to lie down, as we were in full view of the enemy's artillery, and they were shelling us very closely, we were in that position only for a few minutes, and the order to charge was given, with a resolute determination we cleared everything before us, scaled the stone fence, and pursued the enemy across a narrow valley and drove them into the mountain. In the charge a great many were killed and wounded, many did not get over the stone fence, or through the valley to the base of the next ridge. Captain Bralnard of Company G was killed, Lieuts. John Oates and Cody, of the same company, were mortally wounded. Captain Ellison of Company C, was killed, and Lieut. Coles B. Feagin lost a leg and others killed and wounded, too numerous to mention. A great many prisoners were taken. I never discharged my gun, but once on the charge, as I never shot at random or unnecessarily wasted ammunition, just as I struck the edge of the valley saw the

enemy plainly ascending Cemetery Ridge. I fired deliberately and stepped behind a small tree to reload my gun, their bullets were cutting close, expecting to be shot every second loading my gun. As soon as I had loaded, I looked ahead of me to the front, across the valley, I saw that some of my company had got across the valley to the base of the mountain or ridge, behind large rocks, I suppose it was about 150 or 200 yards across the valley, where a part of my company had advanced. I was in a very exposed position at that time, I did not hesitate, but was determined to go to them as speedily as possible, as I was determined to go as far as any of my command, if possible. This valley had no undergrowth, had a few trees dotted about, no rocks for protection in the valley, but the mountains or ridges had great precipitous rocks. I succeeded in getting to the base of said ridge or mountain untouched. Immediately Sandy McMillan, Ben Kendrick and Sam Kendrick attempted to follow me. The first two named fell killed about 80 feet in my rear, the latter at the same time was wounded in the foot, but succeeded in getting to me. There were eight of us that had succeeded in getting to a large rock at the base of the mountain one of the eight had been wounded in the foot. My company was on the left of the regiment. We had a duel for about half an hour, the enemy being behind rocks on the side of the ridge, we as stated, at the base of same, they could see every movement we made, they would shoot down, we would have to elevate our guns. Colonel Oates was giving his attention to the right of the regiment. He was endeavoring to swing around and turn the enemy's left, but it was impossible as they were flanking our right, had overlapped our right, as our line was too short. While the duel was in progress Colonel Oates saw the situation, and ordered a retreat, as the enemy would have soon been in our rear, some of the men said they would not attempt to escape as it would be



death to undertake to escape. The enemy had the drop on us and it seemed impossible to avoid capture. I had determined never to be a prisoner, as I preferred death. Without hesitation, I made the attempt, by leaning over slightly, by a left-oblique direction, I escaped a volley, there was not a thread cut on me that I ever knew of, but expected to be riddled with bullets. When I had gone about one hundred yards, I heard a man hallowing. I looked back and saw Elisha Lane, of my company, a stout young man, who had been behind a rock to my right, in attempting to escape, was shot through the flesh of his thigh, was limping and bleeding. I waited for him. He had thrown down his gun, threw his arm around my neck, and I encouraged him all I could, and finally got him over the mountain that we first charged the enemy out of, to the litter bearers. Dr. Brown of Troy, was in charge of the litter corps. When I heard Lane and stopped to assist him, I saw six men at the rock that was with me surrender, five of whom were unhurt, one was wounded in the foot. This as a place that required more courage and determination to get out than to get in. So out of eight of us that were together, two made their escape from capture, six surrendered. The men that surrendered, were all single, except one. John Hughes and myself made our escape and brought Lane off from the battle field. Hughes came to me just as I commenced ascending the mountain with Lane, and aided me in saving him from capture.

Those that surrendered were a protection to the few that made their escape, as the enemy was attracted and jubilant over their prisoners, this giving us a better chance to escape. I met a litter bearer, S. J. Ming, of my company in the mountain, and he gave us some water and carried our guns, so we had a better chance on pursuit to lift Lane over the precipitous rocks in the mountains. We fell back to the field hospital. A great many had been brought out dead, wounded and dying. Colonel

Oates was prostrated from exhaustion. Lieut. Col. J. B. Feagin had his leg broken, which was afterwards amputated. Space will not allow a record of all the casualties of the killed and wounded. Out of forty-two of my company that went into the charge, there were only eight who escaped. Eleven went on picket duty that night. Three of whom had been on detail duty and were not in the engagement. My impression is the government has it marked on the side of Cemetery Ridge where the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment went, the high water mark of the Confederacy. General Oates contemplates having a monument placed there. The eleven that went on picket duty that night advanced and formed a picket line near to where we charged that evening. It certainly was a very solemn and lonely night, as we were in the enemy's country and had lost so many comrades, and rations were very scarce. There was no disturbance or interruption by the enemy, everything being as quiet as a graveyard. The next day, July 3d, there was considerable disturbance on a portion of the line, the heaviest artillery firing that I ever heard. The Fourth Alabama regiment had quite an exciting time with Kirkpatrick's cavalry on our right. We double-quickened to their support, but the Fourth had done them up handsomely. Several saddles of the enemy had been emptied. That day I disposed of all my clothing, except what I had on, to make my burden as light as possible. I decided that if I got out with whole bones I would be very fortunate. Late that evening, from the maneuvers of our regiment, we were fearful of being captured, but we maneuvered around in the night and finally stacked arms in an old field, and remained until morning, considerably soaked, as it had rained some during the night. On July 4th we formed a line of battle. It was the coldest fourth of July I ever felt. There were some houses between us and the enemy, which obstructed our view, that were set on fire and burned. I remember it was pleasant to get near the

burning houses to warm. There were no movements of any aggressive nature from either side. We took up the line of march on July 5th early in the morning in the direction of Hagerstown, Md., via aFirfield, Penn., the enemy having started in the direction of Washington, D. C. We were marching that day left in front, Colonel Oates commanding. We had orders to keep close up in ranks, and no straggling. I was feeling very badly—worse than usual. We made a stop in the road where some federal cavalry had cut some of our wagons down, which obstructed the way. Colonel Oates was sitting on his horse, and I stepped up to him and told him that I was feeling very badly and wanted the privilege of marching out of ranks the balance of the evening, as I wanted to take all the advantage that I could, near cuts, etc.; he turned to me and says: "Jordan, it is wonderful how you have stood this campaign. I have observed you closely, and you have never straggled, while thousands who were not as bad off physically as you are did." He complimented me very highly and gave me permission to take all the advantages that I could. He did not think we would march much further, saying that I could come up that night. I dropped back in the rear of the regiment. We only went a few miles farther and went into camp. My company was at the head of the regiment, and filed to the left, at right angles, in a strip of woods the length of the regiment, Company A resting on the road. I did not go to my company that night, but lay down on the edge of the road near Company A.

The next morning the regiment marched right in front, as they would alternate every day, Company A in front. I waited until Company B came out, as it was in the rear, and joined my company. We marched a couple of miles and made a short stop to rest. I was feeling so badly that I stepped up to Dr. Davis, who was surgeon in charge at that time, told him that I was feeling badly, that if we went on forced march I did not think it pos-

sible for me to keep up, that I never had straggled, and that I did not intend to as long as I could put one foot before the other. He rallied out and said in a loud voice: "It won't do, Jordan, it will have a bad effect." I replied to him that he did not know what he was talking about, that he did not know whether it would or not, that he had not examined me. I wanted him to understand that I was not begging him for a pass, that I was going to do my best, and would go on as long as I could stand; if I was forced to stop that forty bayonets could not move me; that I was a volunteer, went into the service from a sense of duty; had tried to discharge my duties from a sense of the same, and not through fear of officers. We did not march very rapidly. It was with considerable torture and pain that I got to Hagerstown without breaking ranks. I had a spell of sickness for several days of fever. Dr. Davis was very attentive and kind to me. Dr. Reeves, our old surgeon, was left with the wounded at Gettysburg. Dr. Davis was a Marylander. He never knew me before. He was a young man, always treated me kindly afterwards. He died a few months later at Atlanta. Negro Frank came to me at Hagerstown from home. We confronted the enemy at Hagerstown for more than a week, and then recrossed the Potomac at Falling Water on a pontoon bridge.





CHAPTER VII.

I have seen General Lee under various circumstances and conditions, in the heat of battle, on the march, on his horse Traveler, quietly in camps, in pursuit of the enemy, on the fall back or retreat. I remember the morning we left Hagerstown to cross the Potomac River back into Virginia, at Falling Water. General Lee was there on his horse, on the west bank of the river, having some artillery placed in position in the event it was necessary to protect his rear guard and stragglers; he seemed to be intent, and eager for the last man to get over, without molestation. He showed considerable earnestness with his eagle eye looking eastward on the Maryland side. A great, grand and extraordinary man was General Lee. It is the opinion of the writer that his calibre was superior to any man that has been tested in America, he had no equal as a commander, north or south. The army gradually moved back in the direction of Fredericksburg, Va. We recrossed the Shenandoah River at Front Royal.

The Fifteenth Alabama Regiment went in picket on the Manassas gap road one evening, balance of the corps went in the direction of Culpepper Court House. I was greatly afflicted with chronic diarrhoea, the result of my former case of typhoid fever. A great many black berries lined the hills of Virginia; our rations were scarce, Every time we would take a rest, I would eat bountifully of black berries, I was effectually cured by the berries. and having short rations. As we were disconnected with the division we failed to draw rations. Left our picket lines about 12 o'clock that night to follow the direction of our brigade. We captured that night one prisoner a cavalryman, next morning about sunrise, 24th of July, 1863, at what is known as Battle Mountain the Yankee cavalry had placed some light artillery in position near a

cross road; their purpose doubtless was to try to get into our wagon train. Lieutenant Ed Head with his company "D" went out on skirmish to hold the position until General A. P. Hill relieved us, during this time Head was killed while we were waiting for General Hill to relieve Company D. An old gentleman lived at the cross road who was very much agitated about his premises. I bought a small ham from him, which I paid fifteen dollars for. As we failed to draw rations the evening before the men were quite hungry. They commenced eating the ham without bread. We passed down the road about a hundred yards, I saw a man have an armful of bread that we called slapjacks, about the size of a common plate. I asked him if he could spare me any of his bread, he said that he could spare the most of it, and counted out ten cakes and only charged me seventy-five cents for it. I would have paid ten dollars as readily, have often thought that it was manna from heaven. So my company had bread to eat then with their meat. If such had not been provided, we would have become very weak and hungry before we reached Culpepper, as we had to march there that day, which is about twenty-five miles. Lieutenant Head's remains were placed in an ambulance and brought to Culpepper for burial. The only soldier I saw buried with military honors during the war.

We remained at Culpepper for several days, then marched near Fredericksburg and went into camp, remained there about a week or two and then went to Port Royal on the Rappahannock River, and remained there a week or so, returned to camps near Fredericksburg; remained there about two weeks and then we had religious services under a brush arbor, preaching by a Baptist preacher. While near Fredericksburg to Chocomauga, Ga., to reinforce General Bragg, Brother Carroll who had become a voluntary missionary, had been carry-



ing on a meeting for a week or more there were half a dozen candidates for baptism, at the closing of the meeting Sunday night—meeting was appointed for the next day.

While the congregation was leaving a courier came with orders to cook up three days rations and be ready to march by daylight. The candidates for baptism were very anxious to have the ordinance administered that night, as we did not know where we were going or when an opportunity would be to attend to it, if ever, Brother Carroll, self and half a dozen others went about half a mile down in the swamp looking for a suitable place to immerse them; about twelve o'clock in the night we found a place suitable for the purpose. I held the light and raised the song for Brother Carroll, and he baptized them, one of the men, Richard Beard, belonged to my company.

The next morning we took the train for Chickamauga, I rode the entire way to Atlanta on the top of a box car, the cars were jammed and packed inside and out. We remained in Atlanta about one day and night, and were sent on a train to Ringgold—arrived about 12 o'clock at night, stacked arms in an old field, just after passing through the tunnel. The next morning there was an alarm at Ringgold. We hastened there, but some cavalry scouts had disappeared.

The next day we were marched to General Bragg's headquarters. I suppose he wanted to review us, he was near LaFayette. We camped that night, 18th of September, near Chickamauga Creek. The Texans killed a few Yankee cavalry late that evening. We took arms early next morning and stopped a moment in the road for company "G" to elect Captain Waddell as their company commander. Up to that time Captain Waddell was our adjutant. They selected him unanimously by acclamation.

The federal cavalry had set the bridge on fire, so we

had to cut a new road and fix the ford for military operations. We were kept in reserve until late in the evening. Sharp skirmishing was in progress with some of General Bragg's forces. To our surprise General Hood came riding by with his staff, with his arm in a sling. It was our impression that General Hood was then in the hospital at Richmond. It will be remembered that he was wounded at Gettysburg. When he and the staff passed us, he said: "Remember, boys, we are here to whip them." We were put in the engagement that evening. We charged them but were repulsed as our line was too short; and had several killed and wounded. Our position was on the left; we fell back about four hundred yards, and lay on our arms all night, under heavy shelling by the artillery a portion of the time. Several were killed and wounded. The next morning we were sent back about a fourth of a mile. Skirmishing commenced early Sunday morning soon a general engagement was going on. We double-quickened in a forward movement. Passed over the force that was engaging the enemy. A good many were wounded and limping to the rear. Just before we got to the Ash Factory, Colonel Oates saw that our line was too short on our left, as it was the evening before; he gave the order by the left flank, double quick, carried us in that direction and order until we had gone two or three hundred yards, then brought us to a front charge double quick. The enemy used grape and canister, our artillery followed in our rear, just about the time we were mounting the fence near the Ash Factory. Several were killed and wounded but we charged through the field, and ran over a piece of artillery and captured it. The order Colonel Oates had given caused my regiment to be disconnected from the balance of the brigade; by going to the left on the charge we overlapped the enemy, and carried everything before us like a hurricane. After we passed the artillery, we charged up the hill through a field where there were a few trees standing,



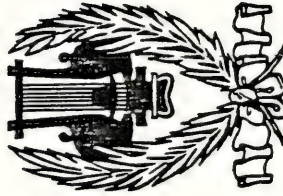
it looked as if an old settlement had been there. We made a halt; the enemy commenced firing briskly, killing and wounding several. A great many would seek protection behind the few trees as best they could, but it was so exciting that the men actually went on charging without orders, and continued until an enemy was not to be seen. I am reliably informed if we had pressed a quarter of a mile further, we would have gotten into the enemy's wagon train. Colonel Oates came up and reorganized us, and on our way back ordered our company to drag the piece of artillery off, as we had charged over it. The company felt it was justly complimented. Colonel Oates then carried the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment to the right, balance of the brigade was on the reserve. We were marching continuously to the front; did not know what was the front of us, or the position of the enemy. Self and T. P. Thompkins were selected or detailed for this purpose. As we ascended the hill (Snodgrass) where the battle of Chickamauga closed, after getting to the top of said hill, I saw the enemy at the base of the next hill, forming line of battle on their flag by file right into line; I took my position behind a tree and motioned to Thompkins who was in my rear and pointed to a clay root for him to get to; he immediately came up and we commenced firing into their colors. Colonel Oates knew by the report of our guns that the enemy was in front of us, so he moved up the regiment, and formed line of battle. We had a sharp engagement, several killed and wounded, but held our ground. Thomas Wright was killed, a brave young soldier. It seems that General Thomas had massed his forces to cover Rosecranes' retreat.

About half an hour before the battle closed, Captain Terrell, General Laws' adjutant, found out where the Fifteenth Alabama was and had Hilliard's Legion to go and relieve it. About that time I was detailed to get up cartridges on the battlefield; I met Hilliard's Legion

about one hundred yards from the line of my regiment, going to relieve it. In gathering up cartridges I came across a wounded federal, a boy about 18 years old, a nice looking little fellow, who begged me to have the litter bearers to see after him. I told him I would and did; he said he was from Kentucky, that he was a southerner, that he had relatives in the southern army and would have been in the southern army himself but was forced into the northern army.

This was the first engagement that Hilliard's Legion had ever participated in; the reports of their rifles sounded like a canebreak on fire; they drove the enemy before them with the rebel yell. I was near the field hospital collecting up cartridges, when General Pendleton stood up in his stirrups and said: "Thank God, the battle of Chickamauga is closing in our favor." An old soldier can tell how things are going by the noise and rattle of battle; I hastened with my cartridges as I had about as many as I could carry and started where I left my command; I met a soldier that I knew and he asked me where I was going; I replied that I was going to carry the cartridges to the boys. He told me that Hilliard's Legion had relieved them, and they had gone to the right to rejoin the brigade. I went to them as quickly as I could; it was about sunset, and they had stacked arms, but were taking them when I arrived in sight, preparatory to march. I distributed cartridges to them as they were passing, thinking we would crowd and press the enemy that night to the extreme, but we flanked around a little took a few prisoners, stacked arms and went into camp and remained until Tuesday morning before we started to Chattanooga. It seemed plain that we ought to do, although hungry and tired, expected an active pursuit that night. Surely one of the greatest mistakes or blunders that was made in not pressing the enemy that night. General Jackson knew early in the war to press vigor-

ously when advantage is gained, in other words follow up a victory. If we had pressed that night as we should the enemy would not have established a foothold in Chattanooga, for they were to a great extent disarmed and very much demoralized. General Bragg was content and jubilant with a temporary victory. General Hood was never with us any more.



CHAPTER VIII.

We left camps at Chickamauga on Tuesday morning, September 22, for Chattanooga, met a goodly number of General Wheeler's cavalry near Missionary Ridge. When we arrived at the ridge it was known that the federals had fortified Chattanooga and held a strong and impregnable position. My command was ordered to the left, at the base of Lookout Mountain, and remained there for about two weeks. In the meantime Thomas Bass of my company, who was ordnance sergeant, was taken very sick; he was at the field hospital, and sent a request to Colonel Oates asking that I be sent to wait on him in this sickness. I went but he only lived three days after I got to him. I buried him at the foot of Lookout Mountain in a box large enough to have placed three men in, it was the best I could do. Bass had become very much attached to me.

It will be remembered in the preceding chapter we were sent home together from the hospital at Richmond. I paid ten dollars for the box which was the outside case of a metallic casket.

While at Lookout Mountain I remember the Infantry was detailed to drag several pieces of artillery over and around Lookout, as the road was rough, and it was desired that the movement be as secret and with as little noise as possible, as the enemy might hear and be attracted if carried over by horse power.

Shortly afterwards the Fourth and Fifteenth Alabama were sent over to the river across Lookout on Raccoon Creek, the only troops in all that extensive territory, north and northwest of Lookout Mountain, between it and the Tennessee River. Surely a great mistake was made, as that was the key to Missionary Ridge. There should have been at least a division stationed in said territory. The Fifteenth Alabama commanded by Col-

onel Oates was on the right near Chattanooga and the Fourth Alabama commanded by Colonel Bowles of Evergreen, on our left. We had about half of the regiment in picket on the river, our picket line was about ten miles long, from three to five men at a post, at intervals from two hundred to four hundred yards apart.

The post that myself and two others were watching, as we only had three guns, on picket was Brown's old ferry, three miles below Chattanooga, a very important position. There was a narrow pass that led down to said ferry place, steep abrupt mountains on each side of the pass. Five of the eleven companies of my regiment were on picket.

Colonel Oates had six companies in reserve with him, about one mile from us. It was about fourth of a mile through the pass, with rather a dim road through it. The enemy had a road on the other side of the river that they used for transporting supplies, etc., but it had been obstructed with dead mules caused by the bullets of the Confederates. When I was on picket we had become quiet and comparatively friendly and would talk to each other across the river.

One evening a negro came to me, sent from home and brought me some provisions and clothing; we had a little cabin on the bank of the river to cook and sleep in, had made a pot of lye hominy that day, the day that Frank, the negro came to me. Frank brought me a turkey, ham, some biscuit, eggs and cake; also a large bed spread that my mother gave me when I went to keeping house; my wife sent it to me as she could not get a blanket suitable; she also sent me securely in the basket a bottle of brandy. The above articles above enumerated Frank brought to me that evening and left the balance south of Lookout Mountain with our quarter-master. Frank stayed the night before with the Forty-fifth Alabama on Missionary Ridge, with a party from my neighborhood, consequently there was not a drop of brandy left in the

bottle, though well corked and tied in the basket. My good friends and neighbors in the Forty-fifth Alabama had emptied it, no doubt, with a gull. I told Frank that evening that this was no place for him, to go back to the quartermaster and stay there until ordered otherwise. We were quite friendly and communicative with the federals that evening. Our boys would tease them about hardtacks and they would guy us about corn dodger. I stepped out with a pan of eggs and told them to come over, that we had everything that heart could wish; took my empty bottle and handed it around to the boys, and all went through the blank motion of drinking. One Yank said, "I believe that fellow has got splits." I heard what he said and told him to come over. He said he would the next morning, and exchange papers and swap coffee for tobacco, if his colonel would let him and provided we would not take him prisoner. We told him that we would deal fairly and honorably with him. One of General Morgan's lieutenants and a private were there with their horses to act as couriers in the event anything should occur. The lieutenant's horse was hitched on the bank of the river with the saddle off; the private had a calico-colored pony (Spanish) with glass eyes, tied to a tree with a line around his neck, without bridle, with saddle on. There was a great deal of growth of bushes on the bank of the river, the moon was shining brightly which cast a shadow for some distance in the water on the south bank of the river. I stood vidette from 12 to 2 o'clock that night. Soon after I went on vidette post I heard a splash in the water, but heard it no more; was very watchful and vigilant the entire time until I was relieved. I told Mr. Payne, the man that relieved me, about the splash in the water. I supposed that it was a large fish that had made the noise. I went to the little cabin, smoked my pipe, pulled off my shoes and jacket and went to bed as though all right. Don't know when I had made such preparations before for sleeping. My



canteen was hung on a nail in the cabin and I put my pipe on the mantle. About the time that Mr. Payne had stood about two hours he came running in about 4 a. m. saying, "Get up, boys! Get up! Yankees are coming!" Our Captain, N. B. Feagin, was also at this post, as it was a very important point. We had only three guns. I told one of the men to take my gun as there were several there without guns; the two cavalymen having no guns. I put on my shoes and jacket as quickly as I could, threw my bedspread into the basket helter skelter, as the old woman said, with the remnant of ham, turkey bones, eggs, biscuit, cake, etc. I ran to the bank of the river as quick as I could, took my gun and began firing as rapidly as I could reload. About one dozen dugouts or batteaus containing about ten or twelve men apiece were landing at the old ferry. The Yanks were shooting as they were landing, saying, "Get out, boys! Get out boys!" We had to get back up the pass. I ran into the cabin and got my basket, leaving my canteen and pipe. There was a little light in the cabin, and I saw the door darkened with blue jackets immediately after I retreated from the cabin up the pass. The cabin was repeatedly struck by their rifle balls. The lieutenant got his horse out but left his saddle.

The little cavalry private got his pony out with a line around his neck, but lost his bridle; saved his saddle. Captain Feagin ordered the little private to go after Colonel Oates, but the little fellow did not know the way. Captain Feagin says, "You go, Billy." I mounted the private's pony without bridle, gave him my gun, and said to Captain Feagin, "Give me my basket, Noah," but the pony having a sore back and being excited from the firing of guns, and having no means of checking him missed my basket, and the pony ran up the pass with me at full speed; before getting through the pass, however, by pulling the line that was around his neck, talking to him

and patting him on the neck, I had him under fairly good training.

As soon as I got through the pass there was a very dim road that turned to the right, that led to Colonel Oates' quarters. I found him up on the alert, he had heard the firing at Brown's Ferry place. I reported to him the situation and condition of affairs; he started immediately with his six reserve companies to the scene, being in such a hurry that he went without his hat, as he could not readily find it. Took Dr. Wilson's hat and told Wilson to get his. I went with Colonel Oates; he was riding his mare and I the Spanish pony without bridle. The enemy in this time had placed trees to obstruct the Confederates, with great rapidity Colonel Oates deployed his six companies, and charged the enemy about twilight; I, as stated, started in with him, without gun or bridle on the pony; the bullets were so thick or numerous that I expected to be shot off the pony every instant; I got off of him as it was right to protect myself as best I could under the circumstances. I had no gun, was doing no good, and might be spared for another time. While sitting on the ground, expecting to see the pony shot down every minute, while in this position William Holly of Company C, brought in three prisoners with their guns; I ordered them to put their guns down and took one myself. Shortly the Yanks said to me, "This is a very dangerous place, had we not better move?" I replied that I did not think we could improve on it at that time. The firing soon abated, and I mounted the pony and ordered the prisoners to march in front of me. After I had gone about 300 yards, I saw Colonel Oates coming on his mare, bent over on the horn of his saddle with a slightly wounded man leading the mare, and another had hold of his leg. I waited for him for orders. Oates was considered exasperated, said, "Jordan, give me my pistol." I replied, "Colonel, I would not do that." He then ordered me to march them in front of him, which I did. He

then ordered me to go and relieve our five companions that were on picket on the river, tell them to fall back to Lookout Mountain, that I could not ride further than to Lieutenant Thornton, who was commanding Company D, to have him send a man on foot, to the company on the extreme left, for them all to get together, and try to get back the way they went in, that they may have to take to the mountains. Says, "Jordan, you know the situation, and know what to say to the pickets." I left him and passed through our camps, found Captain Richardson with his company, who had come from the nearest picket line to the camps. The tents were all as they were when Colonel Oates left them that morning. Captain Richardson had heard the racket, but did not know what it meant. I told him as short a way as I could the orders of Colonel Oates. Major Hill also was there with Captain Richardson; says, "Jordan, I will go with you to relieve the pickets." I told him all right; when we got to the nearest company, Major Hill said he would relieve that company and for me to relieve the others. I had to dismount one time and lead the pony as the country was so mountainous and rough, I finally succeeded in getting to Lieutenant Thornton. He sent a man on foot to relieve the last company on the extreme left. I came back through our camp, the tents still standing. Captain Richardson and company had left. Some old women were taking articles of clothing, cooking utensils, etc. I told them to wait, that everything was uncertain; that I hoped that it might turn out so that the boys would return to camps, and they would need the articles they were taking. Everything was still and quiet, no noise of guns and artillery. I decided that I would bear to the right and come by the way of a little mill. After I came about one mile I overtook Captain Richardson and his company. He stopped and appeared to be bewildered, and told me that he did not know what to do; that he was afraid our boys had been captured as everything

was so quiet and still; said he wished he had someone to go over to see Captain Park and get orders. (Captain Park had taken command after Colonel Oates was wounded.) I told him if he would remain until I returned I would scout in that direction and try to find out what I could and report to him. He promised he would do so.

I went through a large scope of woods and came across a Mr. Williams who owned the island below Chattanooga, skedaddling and trying to hide his horses. I told him to fall back to Lookout Mountain as quickly as possible. I then rode up to a plantation, keeping up the fence until I came to a lane, started down it and saw some Yankees about 800 yards from me. I quietly turned my pony, expecting to be shot at, but was not. I thought the white marks on the pony looked very large at that time. I returned to where I had left Captain Richardson but he had left. I put out through Wills Valley for Lookout Mountain. I finally saw troops moving to my left about half a mile off; could not tell at that distance whether they were the enemy or our men. I cautiously and gradually got nearer and found that it was a part of our regiment. They stopped and waited until I rode to them. I turned the pony over to his owner, about which he had been very uneasy. I had a nice bright gun that I kept which one of the prisoners had that was in my possession that morning. We recrossed the creek at the foot of Lookout Mountain about 8 a. m., established a line of battle and went to work on breastworks. The company that I relieved that morning came in about 10 p. m., they were cut off and had to take to the mountains; they walked about thirty miles that day, flanking around to avoid capture. It was a great mistake in not having a sufficiency of men to defend such a fine section of country.



CHAPTER IX.

The next night about two o'clock on the 29th of October, the battle of Lookout Valley occurred. We crossed the creek on a bridge, as secretly and noiselessly as possible, to the right; General Jenkins was engaging the enemy on the left. After we had gotten well over the creek, skirmisher were deployed; they advanced upon a ridge, and stopped, but it was decided to skirmish to the next ridge that overlooked the valley, that Brown's ferry road passed through. We succeeded in getting to said ridge, without the enemy knowing anything about it. We formed a line of battle with my regiment being on the extreme right of the brigade, the left of the regiment resting on Brown's Ferry road, connecting with the right of Jenkins' brigade. Quite a lively engagement was in progress on Jenkins' left; soon after we formed line ranging with the ridge referred to.

A detail of two men from my regiment was made to survey the ground from the right of the Fifteenth Alabama to the Tennessee river, keeping in line of the ridge as much as possible, and report to General Law at the bridge, the distance and nature of the ground. Myself and Mr. Holmes of Company G were selected for this purpose; the object was to ascertain the number of men necessary to fill the space or vacuum. The moon was about two and a half hours high, shining very brightly. I stepped it as best I could, and as well as I now remember, it was a fraction over a half mile. I decided on returning to make my report; that I would go direct through the woods to General Law's headquarters, as I would cut off an angle, and make the walk shorter and quicker, thereby saving time. In passing through the woods, Mr. Holmes was following close after me. I discovered a file of men employed as if on a scouting expedition. I am sure they were a squad of Yankee scouts;

had I not stopped, would have met them diagonally, but I stopped, and let them pass out, as it was a secret movement, did not want them to know at that time we were in there; a little later on however, I made a great blunder or mistake of which I will give an account of later.

I made my report to General Law's adjutant, Captain Terrell, and took the Brown's Ferry road until I struck our line, where Jenkins and Law connected, and kept up the line of the brigade to the right, until I came to my regiment, which was, as stated, on the extreme right. My company which was the left company was out as a watch on the ground I had surveyed, also the right company of the 44th Alabama regiment which connected with the 15th Alabama on the left, was out for the same purpose, therefore two companies were out, which made a gap in our brigade. Said companies were to remain on the watch, until the Texas brigade could be placed in the space referred to. When I returned and found that my company was off, reported to Captain Waddell of Company G, as he was my nearest neighbor, and by the way, a perfect gentleman, a pious Christian, a good officer, and a brave soldier.

When I reported to Captain Waddell, he said, "Very well." In a few minutes he came to me and said, "Jordan, how would you like to go down on the Brown's Ferry road in the valley, and captured couriers?" That some had been seen passing on that road. I told him I would go, so he detailed Lige Lingo, one of his company, to go with me. I had the bright gun I had got from the Yankees a few mornings before; it had a fresh bright cap on it; and a minnie ball in it. Immediately after leaving the line, it was very abrupt and steep; after getting thirty or forty yards from the line. The slope was more gradual until we struck the narrow valley which Brown's Ferry road passed through; it was woodland all the way. The moon was shining brightly; I suppose it was about two hours high. We stopped about twenty feet

from the road; before stopping Lingo says, "Jordan, we had better not get down too close." I replied that we would get close enough to make a sure thing of it. Lingo was behind a tree 15 or 20 feet to my right; I could look to the right up the valley and see Joe Hooker's camps plainly, about a quarter of a mile. Had not been in this position long, before I discovered a column of infantry coming down the road at a right shoulder shift in a brisk gate, not a word being said, Jenkins' men on the extreme left were hotly engaged, their rifles sounded like a cannon break on fire. I suppose the couriers that had been seen passing before we went were bearing dispatches to and from General Hooker's headquarters to them that were engaged in battle with General Jenkins. I made a great blunder in drawing the attention of the enemy at that time and place. Should have slipped out quietly, and reported to the colonel that a column of infantry was passing down the road on the left, and order to watch out on the left, let the signal be when the left commenced firing, for the whole line to fire into the road, at the same time to swing around cautiously within good gunshot distance, as farther the line extended to the right the farther it was from the road.

As has been stated, the left of Law's brigade connected with Jenkins' right where the road crossed the line of battle. A Yankee colonel was marching at the head of a column; just as he got opposite me, he being between me and the moon, I standing behind a small tree about 20 feet from him, took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger; the cap burst but the gun failed to fire; as soon as this occurred, Lingo fired and his gun seemed to make a clear loud noise, as everything at that time in that locality had been very quiet. I slipped to a very large tree near by to my rear, the enemy fired a few shots and ordered me to halt, "You D—— Rebel." I did not hesitate a second, but slipped back to my place in line as quickly as I could

and made my report to Major Louther, as he was in command at that time of the regiment.

Lingo also got back to the line all right. The enemy was taken on such a surprise, that they massed their forces and struck us at a very weak point, as two companies had not returned to fill up the gap or space between the 15th and 44th regiments. The Texans had not had time to form and fill up the space from our right to the river. We were so near Hooker's camps, he could reinforce very rapidly and quickly. The enemy advancing on our line, ascending the steep bluff, just before getting to our line, those in front would crowd up the steep bluff, our shots pass over them, but those in the rear would catch it as the valley was full of them. I believe it was the most spirited engagement as long as it lasted that I ever participated in. I would not take time to return to my rammer after loading, as I wanted to load and fire as rapidly as possible. While they were advancing up the steep bluff crawling, they would curse us and say they were friends; we would reply we knew it, and send a shower of lead into them. As I had been down there I knew the nature of the ground, would halloo to the men while loading and firing as rapidly as I could, to shoot low, that those in front were crawling on us. Strange to say when I returned to my position in line, put fresh cap on my gun, and fired clear and all right; had it fired at first, I certainly would have killed the colonel. The battle raged for about thirty minutes, our left gave away, (4th Alabama), about the time the two companies came in. There was a boy to my left facing the enemy, by the name of Bethune from Columbus, Ga., who was there to see some relatives that had a curiosity to go into an engagement, who received a surface wound across the back. They had got on our left flank with overwhelming number. We retreated in great confusion, some of the officers lost their swords, some lost hats, etc.

The Texans came out before being properly formed, halting "routed, routed." We had scarcely any killed or wounded, but the enemy lost heavily in killed and wounded. We lost heavily in our men being captured. Major Richardson was captured and a good many of the right of the regiment. I have always reproached myself on account of a mistake that I made that night—should have slipped out without notice. The plan was well arranged, but a slight blunder very often spoils the best of plans. Hooker should have been destroyed that night and his command. We then fell back across the bridge to our former position, just north of Lookout Mountain.

We remained here a week or two, frequently under artillery fire which was quite annoying. Sometimes our artillery from Lookout Mountain would fall short of its mark, on account of poor ammunition or inferior artillery. One night the Vicksburg troops relieved us; it was very muddy; I remember a soldier of Company G, by the name of Seab Hughes, had lost his speech for about six months; that night he made a complete slip up; it jarred him so powerfully his speech instantly came back to him, and he could talk as well as he ever could. We went that night to near Tyner Station and took the train for Cleveland. From there we marched in the direction of Knoxville, crossed the river at London, went on picket that night; an awful night it was, dark, damp, windy and cold; and being near the enemy's picket, we were not allowed to have any fire; I never will forget the awfulness and unpleasantness of that night's experience.

Next morning the sun was shining clear and we were allowed some fire. General Longstreet came around on foot inspecting the lines. I was lying in the sun near the fire in a doze; he passed in a few feet of me, but said nothing. Shortly afterwards, skirmishers on our right drove the enemy back, and the entire army was in motion; this was called the battle of Campbell Station which was November 16, 1863. We got into winter quarters,

and captured a great many wagons, with provisions, medical stores, etc. They secured their stock. We had a running fight to Knoxville; there they took refuge behind their breastworks and forts. I shall always believe there was some bad management, or we would have captured a good number of the enemy. We pressed them late in the evening into their fortifications; I was sent back with a comrade about dark to go two miles to cook rations for my company. It was ten o'clock before we drew rations as the wagons were late arriving. We cooked all night, had about half finished about daybreak, when I carried what I had to the company, as I knew they had been marching and fighting all the day before. I got to them about sunrise; were skirmishing and advancing our line to establish a line inside the corporation to build breastworks, which they did in the corporate limits of Knoxville. I handed them their rations while they were skirmishing, and returned to the wagon train to assist my comrade in finishing cooking, and carried the balance of the rations to the company.

We had General Burnside under siege with 25,000 to 30,000 of the enemy, completely cut off from the balance of the world; after we had been there a week or more; having the enemy's communications cut entirely off, we crossed to the south side of the river on pontoon bridges to relieve Texans; were greatly annoyed by sharpshooters. General Law decided he would skirmish through Cedar Ridge and dislodge them or whoever it was that was causing the trouble and annoyance. We skirmished through or over Cedar Ridge, found no enemy, kept going until we struck the enemy in a hollow and drove them into their works. We were only a skirmish line and advanced within 150 or 200 yards of their works, considerable sharpshooting on both sides, finally they formed a strong line of battle against us; we retreated through an old field to the woods near a branch. A few of us decided we would stop at the fence and gave them a few

rounds as they came down the hill through the filed. T. P. Tompkins was shot through the heart, bullet came through the crack of the fence; he did not breathe; we were in touch of each other. This was the 25th of November, 1863. Tompkins fell back across the branch and ascended a very steep bluff. Self and James Hitchcock made a stand on the bluff, behind some large trees, shooting at the enemy crossing the branch; occasionally the tree that I was behind would be barked by bullets; finally Hitchcock who was to my right drew my attention to about half a dozen to our right, not more than 30 or 40 yards from me, behind a tree. We turned our aim on them and hustled them from their position; we then fell back to our former position in the works where he had relieved the Texans. Nothing of importance was accomplished, but the loss of a few good men. Tompkins was a splendid soldier. I returned to the breastworks. I discovered that a bullet had cut out the wadding of the right breast of my coat, and a bullet had passed through the front corner of the tail of my coat; doubtless this was done while at the large tree.



CHAPTER X.

We remained in the breastworks at the same place until the 29th of November. Cool does not express it—the weather was extremely cold. We made a fire out on the south side to attract the enemy, and while Longstreet attacked the enemy on the north side we pressed them back into their fortifications as we did on the 25th inst. We also secured the dead that was killed four days previously. Tompkins' pockets had been rifled. We carried him about a quarter of a mile and buried him. The weather was so cold that there was no unpleasant odor whatever. Tompkins was a substitute for J. Taylor. He left a widow with eight children. He was the only substitute I ever knew that was a strictly first-class soldier; he was faithful, brave, and a splendid marksman. The Confederacy lost one of its best soldiers when Tompkins was slain.

We then recrossed the river, as Longstreet had made a failure in taking Knoxville, and many lives had been lost around the place. Capt. Frank Parks of Co. I, was wounded and afterwards died. He was as good a man as belonged to the 15th Alabama regiment. Lieutenant Wilson of Co. H lost a leg. I speak of these two as I have mentioned them in previous chapters. We then left in the direction of Strawberry plains.

Laws' brigade covered the retreat from Knoxville of Longstreet's forces. As General Bragg had lost Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, it enabled the enemy to throw a force of 30,000 in our rear, which made it necessary for Longstreet to withdraw.

I have often thought it unwise in Longstreet to have charged the enemy, fortified as they were at Knoxville, as it was with a great loss of life, without accomplishing anything, but such is the case sometimes in life and in war. We had but little fighting the balance of the year.

Hilliard's Legion or Gen. Grace's brigade had a sharp engagement with the enemy at Bean Station and was victorious.

Great hardships were endured that winter by Longstreet's command, as it was a hard winter and a very rough country. Roads were very bad and supplies were scarce with both armies, and they had both been through there repeatedly and the country had been foraged out. Foraging details with strong guards were sent to North Carolina for supplies. Myself and Mr. Harper of my company secured a forty day's furlough while near Bean Station, having put in recruits. I had my negro, Frank, with me. I paid a man \$800 and a pair of soldier shoes to serve for me. Harper's brother served for him. General Jenkins advised us to get some side arms, as it was a very bush-whacking country. Others got furloughs at the same time in the corps. Jenkins wanted us to go in a body as much as possible, so as to be a protection to each other, but Harper and I got ready and left our command Sunday evening, December 19, 1863, about one hour from sundown, with my dandy, Frank, for Bristol, which was about 92 miles, the nearest point to the railroad, as the bridges in East Tennessee had been destroyed.

It was terribly cold, icicles were hanging in some places as large as a horse. I was nearly bare-footed. We were so eager to get home, we almost broke our winds the first ten miles. We came across a lot of wagoners who were loaded with supplies that we had captured from the enemy, which were being carried to Bristol for hospital purposes. There were about a dozen wagoners at a fire, making coffee and getting ready for supper. I asked them what states they were from and one man said he was from Alabama. I asked him what county, and he said Macon county. I told him that I had lived in Macon county for sixteen years, from four years old to twenty. He asked me if I was not Billy Jordan. I told him that

I was. I then recognized him and asked him if he wasn't Billy Dowd. He said he was. I took supper with them and had my feet bathed and oiled. Dowd gave me an old pair of shoes that I could have worn with comfort had my feet been in good condition. I had a pair of home knit socks that I had not worn and I gave them to Dowd, as I knew I could get plenty when I got home.

We arrived at Blountsville Tuesday noon. It was about twelve miles from Bristol. I was completely broken down. I paid Mr. McMurry \$80 to send us to Bristol that evening. The train was to leave there that night at 12 o'clock. We arrived in Bristol late in the evening and went to the Lancaster Hotel. I ate the biggest meal that I ever ate in my life that night. Mr. Lancaster was a true Southerner, and I think a perfect gentleman. He gave us a bed to lie on and Frank slept in front of the grate. He charged us nothing for lodging and awakened us at the proper time, 12 o'clock that night, to take the train on our way from Bean Station to Bristol.

We traveled more in the night than we did in the day, as the nights were long and the moon was shining bright. We made the trip in two days and two nights. When we got within seven miles of Salem, Va., we found the road had been cut, so we had to walk to Salem and stay all night. The enemy had burned the depot at Salem and railroads generally were in bad condition. We ran off the track several times, but no one was hurt. We passed through Petersburg on Christmas day. There I met General Gordon. He came home also on a furlough. We missed connections at Augusta and had to remain there 22 hours. We arrived at Guerriynton about dark, December 31, 1863.

About ten miles from home we got into a hack, but the mules became frightened and acted so badly, breaking the harness and injuring the hack, that we had to walk home. The night was very dark and unpleasant, and the

roads were very muddy, as a great deal of rain had fallen.

About nine miles from home, in coming through a slough, knee deep in mud and water, one of my old shoes slipped off and I have never seen it since. I came home with one foot bare, arriving about 11 o'clock.

No one was at home; my wife and children were at her mothers, my old cook woman had the key to the dining room and I got in there. The negroes cooked us some supper and made us a pallet, so we were under roof and felt all right.

The next morning I sent for my wife and children early and they arrived before sun-up in the rain. It was about twelve miles to where Harper lived. I sent him home that morning. I did not stay at home quietly but one day with my family, except Sundays, as I was very busy arranging my business for a new year. My brother's estate was smartly involved, mostly for negro property. I sold a woman and her children for \$8,000 and paid the debts of the estate except for the monument that I had erected over his grave. Capt. McCauly, the marble man, was in service, and his agent refused to accept Confederate money. I did not insist, as Capt. McCauly was a soldier of the service. I paid it in green backs after the war. Myself, Harper and Lish Lane, who was wounded at Gettysburg and had been at home on wounded furlough, had got well and returned to the army with us. We missed connection at Lynchburg and had to remain there Sunday. We had a large box of provisions for the boys. Harper and Lond went around to the hospitals in Lynchburg to see if they could find some friends. I remained at the Rucker Hotel. We found our command at, or near, Strawberry Plains. A few days there and Harper was sent to the hospital, as he had the smallpox in a mild form.

The next day it was discovered that Lane had the smallpox and he was left at Panther Springs. Barna Mc-

Cardle was left with him, as he had the smallpox. Lane died at Panther Springs and was buried by McGurdle in front of the steps at the cabin where he was sick. Just before I returned to my command the regiment had a slight brush with the enemy at Danridge, Tenn. We were for some time about Morristown, Bull's Gap, and Horn's Gap. While we were at Bull's Gap the heaviest snow fell that I ever saw. It was generally full knee deep and at places where it had drifted sometimes hip deep. There were six of us messing together at that time. Five of us went rabbit hunting and we soon got five rabbits and made a big stew of them. Having just returned from home I had a lot of red pepper pods and I did the seasoning, as I was very fond of pepper I made it rather strong for the boys, but all enjoyed it very much. I remember every square meal that I got during the war. In the course of a few weeks we marched by Greensboro to Zollicoffer. My nephew came to me while on the march near Greensboro.

When we got to Zollicoffer we remained for a couple of weeks, established there regular guard duty in and around the camps. We then marched to Bristol and took the train and went to Charlottesville. We marched from there in the direction of Gordonsville to Kinsle Station and were there for a week or so. General Lee reviewed Longstreet's corps. I remember his daughter was with him and staff on the review. Not a great while after we changed camps near Gordonsville and one evening soon afterwards we went on a forced march in the direction of the Wilderness. This was on May 5, 1864.

We marched that evening about eighteen miles and struck camp at dark, with orders to lie on our arms. The next morning at the break of day, which was the 6th of May, we doubled quick these miles and were thrown hurriedly into line of battle and immediately went in a double quick charge. A. P. Hill and Gen. Grant were contending for the plank road that led from Orange

Court House to Fredericksburg. Hill was being used up contending against such great odds and had been engaged the day before. He was very much exhausted.

I saw Gen. Lee, Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Jenkins, who was at that time in command of my division, all sitting on horses as we passed them with Hill's men dropping back wounded, and others were brought out on litters.

Longstreet was shot off his horse and Gen. Jenkins was killed and Gen. Lee led off by Texans. Soon after passing by them we charged them resolutely with a Rebel yell that terrified the Blue Jackets so that they limbered to the rear, shedding their haversacks and baggage as they moved in a hurry, half bent. This certainly was the richest battle field that I ever beheld.

They were well armed and equipped. We charged about half a mile and then we went on the skirmish, where we ceased charging. I ascertained that my nephew, Thomas White, had lost his leg and the litter-bearers had taken charge of him.

On the skirmish we captured some prisoners and shot down a few trying to escape. We had crossed a branch and got up on the side of a hill. The enemy made a stand on the top of the hill, having been reinforced. We threw up some limbs and anything that we could get to ward off the bullets, and were lying down loading and firing. There were three or four of us close together and a bullet struck my sock and cut a hole in it. I had the ankle of my pants stuffed in my socks. We ascertained that the enemy were flanking us on our left, so we retreated across the branch in rather disorder. I was very thirsty and asked Capt. Waddell to loan me his cup. He gave it to me and I came walking along at a trail arms and a bullet struck the stock of my gun and buried itself in the stock, but did not injure it. I stopped at the branch and drank muddy water and carried Capt. Waddell some.

CHAPTER XI.

Colonel William O. Oates was arranging the regiment in line when I got to them. I told him I was over-heated and completely exhausted, but he told me that we were going to stack arms and would be relieved by other troops. I then handed my gun to William Callaway and told him to stack it, and went under a cherry tree to rest. After we made the charge in the morning, as stated in preceding chapters, we were deployed, as skirmishers. While on skirmish I stepped one step to the right from my regular line of course, and picked up a rubber, slipped my old blanket off and threw it down and slipped the rubber on my shoulder. After we were relieved, Col. Oates marched us to the left in a slope of woods to rest. I opened my rubber and it had a half of new linen tenné rolled up in it that had never been stretched. Also a fancy laundered shirt, that I gave to one of my company. I only had one tennis mate, William Callaway, so he carried the tent and I carried the rubber until the close of the war. About dark that night the line of march was formed and we felt our way along very slowly and cautiously, very often stopping and standing for a few minutes, then more cautiously and slowly moving until about 12 o'clock, when we established a line of battle and commenced working on fortifications; we worked the balance of the night energetically, and by day next morning we had pretty well fortified ourselves with breastworks. A detail had been sent out to gather guns that had been left on the battlefield. The next morning, the 7th of May, on Sunday, we had from three to five guns to the man loaded, praying for the enemy to attack, but they failed to advance that day on our portion of the line.

Late that evening I was sent on a cooking detail to cook rations for the company. Our litter bearer, S. J.

Ming, gave me a new Yankee overcoat to carry to my nephew, Thomas White, who, as stated, had lost his leg, and was at the field hospital about a quarter of a mile from where I had to draw and cook rations. I had made it up in my mind to run the blockade that night at all hazards and see him, after I got my cooking under way, but about the time we got under good headway, having made up some dough and a good fire started, an order came for the wagon train to move to the right, and for the cooking details to go with the wagoners, so I gave the overcoat to Lieut. Glover's servant, and told him to carry it to my nephew, which he told me he did. So I never saw him any more after we started on the charge the morning before, he being on the left of the company and I on the right. He was carried off to the hospital and was so bad off that he was taken to Greenville and died there.

I never wanted any of my near relatives in the same command with myself; so if I had brothers, I would rather they should be in separate commands. We moved with the wagons. I put my gun, cartridge box and baggage in the wagon trough, and took hold of the trough, and would walk after the wagon, having refreshing soup, occasionally crossing creeks and branches. About twilight the wagons were ordered to stop on White Oak Mountain. It was a fine view. We could see thousands of blue jackets moving to the right through a large plantation, and soon after we heard the noise of battle on our right.

Soon thereafter came an order for the cooking detail to hasten to their commands, which was in the right near Spottsylvania. Gen. Fitz Lee's cavalry had struck the head of Grant's army and were detaining them until infantry could get to their support. I think it was about six miles from where the wagons were to where I found my command. I arrived just in time to help charge the enemy. We charged them and established a line and built

batteries when we were not engaged in battle. Let it be remembered that we fought for position at the Wilderness and gained it, and also at Spottsylvania, with great odds against us.

History shows that Grant started at the Wilderness with 140,000 men, when Gen. Lee had only 80,000. This was on Monday, the 8th day of May. It was quite warm for that section of the country at that time of the year. I saw such a number of horses that were exhausted from heat as I was going to my command. We finally built strong works for our protection. Gen. Lee had his men in a single line, about four feet apart. We pulled off our coats and emptied our cartridges on the ground, to facilitate our loading as they frequently charged in three lines of battle.

After building strong works, we placed a pine pole on top of the works with a short cross piece under each end of the pole, to make something like a port-hole. The pole was saved many a head. To further facilitate our loading, we would stak our ramrods under the pole, and let them remain, would fire with deliberation through our port-hole, pick up a cartridge quickly, charge the cartridge and place it against our rammer with a long quick shove, jerk the gun back, put on a cap and fire. It is astonishing how rapidly troops that are practiced can load and fire. The old trained veterans decided that the only way to succeed was to be quick and deliberate, fire with precision, so as to kill as many as possible, but after a slaughter of thousands in a few days they seemed to multiply like flies that had been poisoned.

In the morning of the second day at Spottsylvania, it was so warm and dry, with so much firing that the woods in front of us caught on fire. We had killed and wounded a great many of the enemy in front of us in a sort of hollow, about 150 yards from us. Those that were not wounded in the arms could scratch bushes and to some extent protect themselves from the approaching

flames. We saw the situation and about twenty of us volunteered to get over the breastworks and rescue them from the flames. Soon after we passed over the breastworks, the enemy's sharpshooters commenced firing on us. Sergeant White, a nice young man and a good soldier, was killed, so we got back over the works as soon as we could and then commenced retreating when they would try to give their wounded relief. Such sometimes is war, but it is terrible.

The lines of the two armies were so close that we did not keep out pickets in the day time, but kept a strong, vigilant watch at night. We would have about one-third of the men on watch at night near the enemy's watch, one-third awake in the breastworks, and one-third asleep, trying to rest. The fire of one gun would cause the entire army in an instant to be up in arms.

The second night at Spottsylvania I was on left of my regiment on the watch. Gen. Anderson's watch was on my left, my nearest neighbor to me on the left. There had been some rain that evening and the bushes were consequently somewhat yielding. You could slip about the woods in such times more secretly, with less noise and noise, than when they are dry. I took my position behind a large tree. The night was very dark and everything was quiet and still as if there was not a hostile enemy in a hundred miles. I was so near the enemy's watch that I could hear them as if stepping on a little stick or twig, it would snap and I could hear it distinctly. I was very vigilant and watchful, was satisfied that they would not attempt to advance, and it was useless and imprudent to fire on them unless they attempted to advance. Directly John Hughes and Jack McDonald who were a little to my right, commenced whispering and immediately they moved cautiously forward a little in advance of me. They soon opened fire, guessing as near as they could in the night, the direction of the enemy that I knew was in my front; Hughes' gun did not fire,

but McDonald fired clear and it seemed it could be heard for miles. A great many of the enemy's caps would not fire. I suppose the caps on their guns had become damp; the consequence was the whole of Lee's army, and I suppose that of Grant's, too, were aroused to arms unnecessarily. This little interruption lasted for about five minutes and all was again quiet. It seemed to me that I could see a roll of fire skimming the ground from the discharge of McDonald's gun as large as my fist.

As soon as the enemy commenced replying, Hughes and McDonald went back to a more secure position. I did not leave my post, but remained behind the tree where I was and fired only twice, guessing as near as I could the position of the enemy. We remained there the entire night, expecting to be called into the breastworks early the next morning under the cover of darkness; but we were neglected until about sundown when we hastened to the breastworks as quickly as possible without orders, as we were unnecessarily exposed. The enemy had commenced to advance a few hundred yards to our left on the Texas brigade, and we, of course, expected our line would soon be attacked; in fact it seemed that the entire line would soon be engaged.

The last day at Spottsylvania, the 10th, we were moved to the right on that portion of the line where picket duty was done. We were sent on picket duty to occupy rifle pits and had orders to shoot that day at every chance or opportunity we got at a blue jacket, and not to spare ammunition. We seldom had ever received such orders, but were generally ordered to hold our ammunition, for it was scarce. We never failed to dry up their pickets or sharpshooters when we had orders not to spare ammunition.

The next morning we were sent on a reconnaissance, and found the enemy had left under cover of the night. Many were lying at their rifle pits, swollen and all dark, a horrible sight to behold.



We then went in the direction of Hanover Junction, crossed the North Anna River and went on picked duty late that evening near the banks of the river, and scratched out rifle pits with our bayonets. There was some disturbances in some portions of the line, but my regiment was not engaged that day. The next morning we moved in the direction of Cold Harbor, passing down the breastworks. Our works had been vacated by General Ewell. I think before he was relieved to keep pace with Gen. Grant. As we marched by the openings of the breastworks, spaces left for artillery, the enemy would fire through them at our men from our rifle pits, which had been vacated and were then occupied by them.

I remember a Mr. Wilson of Pike County, in my regiment, was wounded at one of said openings. Colonel Oates halted the regiment and ordered Company B and K., as they were then consolidated, to skirmish the enemy out of our rifle pits. We mounted the breastworks and went for them. It was a very perilous undertaking, but by a movement by the left oblique we got into the woods and charged them out of the pits that were in the right, and then flanked them out of the pits on the right, that were in the field. Lieut. Pat O'Connor of Co. K. was so badly wounded that he died in a few hours. He was a brave soldier. We had several wounded. We headed the skirmish line that retook the rifle pits from the enemy.

As soon as we retook the rifle pits situated in the woods, Frank Cane and I went out about 100 yards in advance on a scout. A blue jacket put in his appearance about 75 yards from me; he seemed not to understand our position. He was standing broadside to me (with his left side to me) had his head turned around a tree as if listening or watching. The sights on my gun were lowered. I took deliberate aim at the point of his left hip, my gun resting on a stump about two feet high. At the crack of my rifle I saw him fall at full length on his

back. I can not say positively that I killed him, but I knew I threw him full length upon the ground. Sometimes a man may be wounded and not be killed. I guess he did no more soldiering.

Cane and I immediately fell back to the rifle pits, expecting an advance from the enemy, but they did not strike where we were that day; some fighting on our left took place. We remained there in the rifle pits the balance of the day; were relieved in the night and went behind the breastworks and rejoined our regiment and worked on the breastworks the entire night, strengthening them.

The next morning, soon after sun up, our brigade was sent for, to go to Cold Harbor of Turkey Ridge, to retake some works that a Mississippi brigade had left. General Law put us in line under a steep hill near a spring and rested us that day, cooking rations, etc. That night under cover of the night he carried us to the Harbor.





CHAPTER XII.

The works which the Mississippians had vacated, the enemy did not occupy, but it enabled them to get a better position for their artillery, although there was but little artillery used by them in this engagement on this part of the line. The vacated works made a bend rather in the shape of a half moon or horseshoe, though not an abrupt bend like a horseshoe. General Law had the bend cut off by straightening the works, which consequently made them stronger, as it enabled us to put two lines of battle behind the new works, as the distance was more than half less than what it was by the old works. While some were straightening the works, a detail was made to demolish the old breastworks. This was secretly completed in one night with as little noise as possible.

After working all night, just before day my company was sent to relieve the company that was on picket duty in the old rifle pits, just beyond the demolished works. Six or eight of us were in each rifle pit. We had carried a spade with us to strengthen the pit, and had just taken a lunch, when about twilight, a very foggy morning, the enemy advanced through the woods as noiselessly as they could. They made comparatively little noise, as the leaves were damp; a few of us fired off our pieces, and broke for our new line of works, the quickest and shortest way possible. The enemy thought they were getting our works by getting the old demolished works.

We had a piece of artillery placed at each end of the new works where they connected with the old, so arranged us to enfilade the old works right and left, and a battery placed about midway of the new works to give a direct front fire. The enemy did not shoot at our pickets, but undertook to run into our works under our protection, as soon as they ascertained that the old line of works had been demolished.

When we were sent out before day to relieve the pickets, my regiment had changed further to the left after we had gone on picket. I did not know this, and ran as quick as I could to the nearest point of the new works. There were two lines of battle behind the new works, which had their arms presented ready to fire as soon as we could get over the works, with the enemy not more than thirty yards behind us. I did not get over very gratefully, but fell over. Our men were eager and waiting for us to get over the works, saying, "Get over boys, get over boys." I fell into the works, unbuckled my cartridge box, and poured the cartridges on the ground to facilitate loading. I happened to get over in the Fourth Alabama, where Colonel Bolles was. He got cartridges for me while the battle was raging. The artillery on the right and the left of the new works were sending grape and cannister, enfilading the old demolished works, and the artillery in the center was firing directly in front, as fast as the pieces could be loaded and fired. The brigade on our right could enfilade the enemy on our left, and the brigade on the left could enfilade the enemy on our right. There was greater destruction of life for the length of time and line of any engagement that occurred during the war. History shows that Lee killed and wounded 15,000 before ant up. We were engaged about a half an hour.

As the roar of the battle began to cease, Colonel Bolles asked me what command I belonged to; I told him my command. He said alright, that I was doing valuable service. We had none at all wounded, as the trap was made and they came into it to be slaughtered. General Law had a slight wound. Our position was that on the west, that of the enemy was on the east. This was on the 12th of June, and the weather was very warm. That night burial details were sent out into where the enemy had fallen, also to look after their wounded. The slight

of the dead and the wounded cannot be described. It was simply awful.

The next day General Grant sent a flag of truce, with a request that he be allowed to bury his dead. General Lee did not comply with his request, as he did not want to give Grant any clue as to the strength of his forces, so Grant then went down the peninsula and made for Petersburg. The blackest eye he received on the line from the Wilderness to Petersburg received it that morning. The wind was from the west going east, the odor was awful to the enemy, as it was going that way.

We then took up our line of march leisurely in the direction of Petersburg, crossed the James river at Drewry's bluff. This was the only time that I ever knew General Lee to be behind in his movements. It was wonderful how he could keep pace with Grant, with as few men and facilities at his command, in comparison with the resources that Grant had. Gen. Lee fortunately had scouts that were very efficient and reliable. The evening before we crossed at Drewry's bluff we went into camps about noon and remained until the next day. When we crossed the river at the said place, it was ascertained that Beauregard had vacated his works near Chester Station, and had hurried to Petersburg for its protection. At Petersburg we had only some boys and old men as guards.

Soon after Beauregard evacuated his position near Chester Station, General Butler occupied them, and marched a force about one mile through a plantation and woods and ambushed Pickett's division, which was marching in front. Hood's division was next to Pickett's, and my regiment was deployed as skirmishers on Pickett's right about sun down. We skirmished through a thick swamp. After we got through the swamp, my company was deployed as skirmishers for the regiment. We skirmished carefully for about three and a quarter miles through a large plantation and came to a natural fortification—a large gully, washed out parallel with our line

for some distance. We had still found no enemy. We sent back notice to Colonel Oates of our position and he moved the regiment up and occupied the gully or fortification. We then skirmished up to within 150 or 200 yards of the fortification that General Butler occupied that had been vacated by General Beauregard.

There we stopped until daybreak. We saw some sentinels standing on the outside of the works and fired at them. We were in an old field. Some old field pines to some extent protected us from the sun, and it was up hill towards the enemy. About two o'clock that evening it was whispered about that we would have to charge the breastworks; the men, some of them, said it was unreasonable; that they did not believe that there was a general in the Confederacy that was fool enough to issue such an order; that if such an order was given they would not go, as it would be death and no chance to escape. The idea of charging the enemy in their strong breastworks with a skirmish line was preposterous, and they would not obey. I replied that it looked unreasonable, but if the order was given I was going to execute it the best I could.

So about two hours by the sun, the order was given to charge with a yell and make a bee line for the works. It may look a little egotistical for me to relate what I am going to relate, John McIntosh of Dale county, and myself were the first men who mounted the breastworks; some of the men were waverling and behind thirty yards; we waved our hands and called them. About that time I saw, about a quarter of a mile off, Colonel Oates moving the regiment towards us.

The works were literally filled with blue jackets. They made no resistance whatever, but were crowded down in the breastworks. Some had made strong bomb proofs. They had reversed the works, had them fronting towards us. We skirmishers passed on to the rifle pits of Beauregard, thinking we would be in better position to shoot



any that would try to escape, but the rifle pits had been demolished, just like digging a hole in the ground and filling it up again. About the time Oates got up, the enemy and three batteries a half a mile from us in a kind of flat bunch land; it was elevated, but level. A beautiful wheat field was between us and the enemy's artillery. As soon as what few men got out that could and several that were killed hit the dust in the field from the bullets of our skirmishers, they turned their artillery loose on us. It was very close shelling, although none of us were hurt. We would lie close to the ground where the fresh earth had been thrown in the rifle pits, and one by one would run back to the breastworks for protection.

Just before I attempted to seek refuge behind the breastworks—I was lying close to the ground—a shell struck so near my head that it took my hat up in a whirl; I was dazzled; it affected my hearing for some time, and I have not to this day gotten entirely over it. The men who saw it thought for some time that I was killed. The shelling lasted for about a half hour, then ceased. A good many went out looking for guns, cartridges and haversacks, unmolested, except John Posey of my company; as he was ascending the works with his load a sharpshooter shot him in the thigh.

The battle of Chester station occurred June 17th, 1864. The reason the enemy gave no resistance at the breastworks was that in the first place they acted cowardly, and in the second place the Texans got on their flank. We skirmishers did not know it. If you want to demoralize the enemy, get on his flank or rear.

That night we worked the entire night, reversing the breastworks and digging rifle pits as Beauregard had left them. The next morning after breakfast we were ordered to Petersburg.

While Lieutenant George Mathews was arranging Company E in line of march, a sharpshooter shot him through the lungs. He fell full length on his back, and

it was thought that he could not live but a few minutes, but he rallied, was sent to the hospital and finally sent home, put on the retired list, married and lived twelve or fifteen years after the war. I am sure the wound shortened his days. We went to Petersburg and worked on breastworks every night, as we were too much exposed to the enemy to work on them in the day time.

About this time, myself and Mr. Dehnall were made color sergeants; old man Archibald was ensign—had been for some time. In the day time for a long time, a month or more we were kept continuously in the breastworks, with no protection from the sun, sharpshooting going on more or less every day, and the mortars throwing shells from both sides every night. I never saw the flies so bad as at Petersburg. It was simply awful, after we had substantial works.

We were kept often in reserve under a steep bluff near a spring, and were often used as flying troops to be hastened to any point of attack. I don't know how often we have crossed at Drewry's Bluff, changing from Petersburg to below Richmond, vice versa, from below Richmond to Petersburg. I preferred it to staying in the trenches at Petersburg. We were parlying this way for nearly two months.

We had preaching services conducted by Bro. Renfro under the bluff at Petersburg. I went one day to hunt him up to get him to preach for Law's brigade. He held a series of meetings and baptised a great many in an ice pond near by; he never filled his last appointment, as we were ordered from there below Reams Station hurriedly. I never saw him any more until after the war.



CHAPTER XIII.

In reference to Brother Renfroe, I knew him from reputation before the war, but had no personal acquaintance with him. While at Petersburg on reserve under the bluff referred to in the preceding chapter, I heard that Brother Renfroe was chaplain of the Tenth Alabama regiment, then located a few miles below Petersburg in the direction of Ream's Station. As I was then color sergeant, and had charge of the colors when the regiment was engaged, I decided I would look up Brother Renfroe and have him make an appointment to preach to Law's brigade, as we had no preacher in said brigade.

So I went up and found Brother Renfroe after walking about five miles. He was really about three miles off in a direct line, but zigzagging about looking for him, I must have walked all of five miles before I found him. He made an appointment to preach for us the next day. He came and preached a series of sermons, carried on a meeting for several days, and baptised a great many, among those several of my company. He did not fill his last appointment, as the shells were passing over us, and we were hurried down towards Ream's Station, returning near Petersburg late that evening and stacked arms and camped in an old field.

We had prayer meeting in one of the companies that night. Just after services I lay down in my little tent fly. Before I got to sleep some one came to me and tickled my ankle. I arose and found it was Capt. Noah Feagin, who requested me to pray for him. I got up and went with him out of camp into the old field, and got down in a ditch and did the best I could, at the same time feeling very unworthy, and feeling that he was leaning on a very weak rod, but I did my duty the best I could. Capt. Feagin was looking forward for a fur-

lough, which he secured in about two weeks and joined the church and was baptised at home.

There was one candidate for baptism who belonged to my company that B. O. Renfroe would have baptised had he filled his last appointment. His name is John Pain, and he survived the war. About a year after the war closed, I made a statement in the church in reference to Pain and he was received and baptised. Capt. Query of Company C, was a Methodist. I was a Baptist, and we used to have prayer meeting in the different companies, alternating with each company. Capt. Waddell, who was adjutant for the regiment for a long time, was a little wild (he was an Episcopalian) finally he became warmed up spiritually, and he took great interest in our prayer meetings, and at last got to making talks in our meetings, as has been stated in a previous chapter. Capt. Waddell was made captain of Company G, Colonel Oates' old company.

Capt. Query survived the war and before he died a few years ago, became a local preacher of the Methodist Church of Eufaula. Capt. Waddell became an Episcopalian preacher, and is now at Meridian, Miss. Capt. Feagin resides at Birmingham and is judge of the criminal court. I think my life was more correct and consistent in the war than it has been at times since, as the surroundings and the circumstances were very different, so much wickedness in the army; many a time I had a very heavy heart, on account of seeing and hearing of so much wickedness of the men. We were sent from Petersburg across Dewey's Bluff to Deep Bottom. New Market Heights overlooked Deep Bottom.

I remember while on picket at Deep Bottom there was a fine 50-acre field of 'roasting' ears. Our line was through said field. Sometimes when we were peaceable, both sides would go in and pluck as much corn as they wished. At other times we would get a little warriish, and get up a smart racket. One day we advanced on



their picket line, which they had just left, and we found more beef and other supplies they had left than we drew. The roasting ear field had almost been entirely stripped of its fruit.

This was August 14, 1864, when we had a brush that is known as the battle of Deep Bottom, two days later, the 16th day of August. We had three companies of the regiment on picket at Deep Bottom, the balance of the regiment was at the breastworks on New Market heights.

A gun boat on James river could plainly be seen about a mile off. I was doing some cooking and would watch the boat, when I would see the smoke flush up, would drop down behind the breastworks. The shells would fly over us, and we would hear the report of the pieces that was fired from the boat. I could see the flush of smoke before the shell reached us, but the shell would pass over us before we could hear the report of the cannon. As soon as the shells would pass I would get up and go to my cooking again and watch the boat. Soon after a shell struck our breastworks, about a hundred yards to our left, knocked the works down, killed and wounded several.

I wish to state that I overlooked a circumstance that occurred at Petersburg, one morning before sun up. Frank Crane was standing behind the breastworks sharpshooting. Just as he laid his gun aside to eat a lunch, a sharpshooter shot him through the head, tearing a hole as large as my thumb. He bled like a beef, breathed heavily all day, of course was unconscious, was carried over to Petersburg that night, and during the night died. I wish also to state that my regiment was taken from Petersburg a few nights before the mine was sprung. We were relieved from that position of the line in the night. We had a ditch that we used to bring in the reliefs, and we came out, half bent over, at a trail arms.

I will now get back to Hazel Mills or New Market

Heights. We had a terrible battle while it lasted, at what is called the battle of Hazel Mills, which took place the 16th of August, 1864. Only a part of the regiment was engaged, as three companies were at Deep Bottom on picket. Captain Waddell, Capt. Guery and one other company. We were ordered to double quick to the left about one mile to where Gen. Wright's Georgia brigade had lost the works. We were sent for to retake them. Colonel Louther was then in command, Col. Oates having been transferred to the 48th Alabama, which was at the right of the brigade and the 15th Alabama on the extreme left. Col. Louther was taken sick immediately, and Captain Shofar was in command of the regiment. By the way, Captain Shofar was a very efficient officer and a brave, prudent soldier.

We formed a line of battle. The enemy was formed about 250 or 300 yards this side of the works, having skirmished that far after taking the works that Wright's brigade had lost. We charged their line. I never saw the enemy move prettier to my notion, than did the portion which we charged, for they retreated back. But our line was too short, and those who we did not meet or overlap, stood and threw an inflaming fire on our left flank. We were thus repulsed, but reformed and charged again with similar results.

John Hughes, who was by my side, facing the enemy, received a scalp wound across the back. He dashed his gun down and ran like he was in a yellow jackets' nest. I could not help laughing at seeing him run. I saw that he was not crippled. I write this to show that the enemy were inflaming us again as they did in the first instance. We fell back and reformed the third time.

A Mississippi brigade formed on our left, which extended the line so as to overlap the line of the enemy. We drove them back into the works and rested in a ravine a few minutes to organize and settle the nerves



of the men, and then made a quick charge for the breastworks. Archibald, our ensign, had been wounded and Mr. Defnall, the other color sergeant, was carrying the colors. I was supporting him on his left, almost elbowing him, when we got in about twenty steps of the breastworks a cannon ball struck his left arm and knocked it off. Capt. Feagin caught Defnall by the shoulders, and I grasped the colors. Defnall's arm did not bleed at first. We could see some sinews hanging. He was immediately attended by the litter bearers and the doctors dressed the wound.

The same evening on the right of us Colonel Oates lost his arm. We lost 42 killed and wounded out of 140 that were engaged. Maj. Hill received a severe wound and died from it. Lieutenant Dozier Thornton was severely wounded, and others too numerous to mention. When we got in the breastworks, in front of which was considerable undergrowth, the enemy had disappeared. The men poured a volley into the woods in the direction the enemy had retreated. They came very near getting Richmond that evening.

I believe that Hazel Mills was the most terrific battle that I was ever in, in proportion to the time engaged and the number that participated. It was more disastrous on the officers than any other engagement that I ever participated in. Colonel Oates was sent to Howard's Grove hospital, Richmond. So was Defnall, who was a very stout young man, with a fine, strong, constitution and a man of cheerful, hopeful, happy disposition. He made himself useful at the hospital, waiting on the wounded who could not help themselves but finally he exposed himself too much, took gangrene in his wound, and bled to death.

While we were absent from our breastworks, our pickets down in Deep Bottom had a sharp engagement, after we had retaken the works that Wright's brigade lost. It was not a great while before other troops re-

joined us and we suppose we were gone about two hours. It impresses me that the part of the line that Oates struck with the 48th Alabama was that portion that Anderson's brigade had left. There were some negro soldiers in the Hazel Mills battle. We were sent back near Petersburg on the same route, crossing the river at Drewry's Bluff.



CHAPTER XIV.

Soon after returning from Petersburg, one night while we were engaged in building breastworks I was struck near the joint of my elbow accidentally with a pick by John Pain of my company, and was sent immediately to the Howard Grove hospital at Richmond. It was thought that I would surely get a furlough, but I did not, as the superintendent of the ward to which I was sent to get on a spree and was transferred to some other place. He was arranging to make application for a furlough for me. My arm commenced to improve, so I decided to make any further efforts in that direction. This was about the first of September, 1864, when I was sent to the hospital. I was at said hospital near two months before I returned to my command. My company was in the course of two weeks brought back across Drewry's Bluff below Richmond. The company had an encampment at Fort Gilmore, September 29, 1864.

At Fort Harrison, September 30, 1864, Lafayette Harper referred to in a preceding chapter, who came home with me on a furlough was killed. Jackson Ward of Company G, of Colonel Oates' old company, was severely wounded, and was sent to Howard Grove hospital that evening where he died that night.

The next morning Colonel Oates sent for me to come to his ward. He was lying there with his arm off reading a book. He told me that he had promised Jackson Ward's father that if anything serious happened to him that he would do anything that he could for him. He wanted me to go down to Richmond and see what arrangement could be made to send his remains home at Abbeville, to ascertain quality, price, etc., of coffin; that Ward's father was in a good financial condition and would appreciate it; but he said it was positively against orders to give convalescent soldiers passes to go to Richmond.

still he wanted me to go. I told him that I was willing to do anything that I did not want to get into any trouble; he told me to go and tell the superintendent to come to him. I did so. He was a large man from Florida; I do not remember his name; he reminded me very much of Gov. Thos. H. Watts. Colonel Oates told the superintendent what he wanted; the superintendent replied that it was strictly against orders and that he could not violate the rules. They both consulted about the matter for some time, finally they said they wanted me to go, and that I must try to evade the guard. But if I was taken down, I would only put me in Castle number and refer to prison authorities in them, and they would soon have me released.

I decided to undertake to run the blockade. We called it going down to Richmond with my arm in a sling. In going along the streets, I saw a squad of guards on the opposite corner from me, and cross over to them and inquiring the way to the undertaker's shop. I would put on a front, and actually got direction from no one except the guards. I soon found the undertaker; examined the coffins, price, etc., and reported to Colonel Oates. It was always easier to get out, than to get in, so as I passed on back, in passing the guards I told them that I had but little trouble in finding the undertaker's shop.

After reporting to Oates he wanted me to go down and purchase a coffin and hire a hearse to carry the remains to the shop. It was necessary for me to have a measure; so I procured a rod and went again, the guards having seen me before, and now having a rod in my hand, they asked me no questions. The coffins were common pine, painted red, lined with sheet-zinc. My recollection is that the undertaker charged \$1,200 for it. I selected one of proper size, telegraphed to Ward's father, stating a letter would follow; wrote him a short letter, hired a hearse, put the coffin on the hearse and rode with the

driver up to Howard's Grove, had the body placed in the coffin and it was then stored away in a dark room until old Mr. Ward came for it. I have been to his grave in Abbeville cemetery. Jackson has a half brother who lives in Abbeville now, Hon. J. B. Ward; they resemble each other a great deal.

Shortly afterwards soldiers that were at the hospital able to do service were ordered one evening to the barracks in Richmond, to be in readiness the next morning to go in a body as much as possible to their commands.

My company was about six or seven miles east of Richmond. I went down to the barracks and drew my money that day. I knew that the men in ranks had not drawn their money, that rations were very scarce with them, so I thought about it for some time, what could I get with the least money to do the boys the much good, as I wanted to carry them something. Finally I took a walk up the street, and went into a small family grocery store, that was kept by a lady. I thought about crackers, but I knew they were very bungle some and handy to carry. I asked her if she had crackers; she said she had. I examined them and found them fresh and alright. I asked the price, she said 75 cents per pound. I thought they were very cheap and told her to weigh me up five pounds. She did so. I settled for them and went back to the barracks.

Shortly afterwards a soldier came along who belonged to the Third Alabama regiment, just from home on his way to the valley, where General Earley's command was. I told him about getting crackers so cheap. He said that he did not bring anything from home for his company, and he believed he would go and get some crackers and carry to his comrades. He asked me to direct him to where the store was. I stepped out and told him where to go, but decided to go with him, as I was at leisure. We went in and ordered so many pounds of crackers without inquiring the price. When they were weighed and bund-

led up for him, he handed the lady the proper amount of change, calculating at 75 cents per pound. She said to him that he had not paid her enough; that she charged \$2.00 per pound; that she had sold a soldier that night some at 75 cents per pound, but she had made a mistake, that she did not know why she should have made such a mistake; she had become bewildered in some way, and that they had cost her a great deal more and that she could not afford to sell them at less than \$2.00 per pound. I told her that I was the soldier to whom she had sold crackers to that night at 75 cents per pound, and I had thought they were very cheap, that she had evidently made an honest mistake, and that I was always ready to correct mistakes for or against me. So I settled with her, paying her the balance, \$1.25 per pound. Honesty is the best policy at all times and under all circumstances. Many a man would have gone on and bragged about how cheap they had bought their crackers, knowing they were worth double what they had paid for them.

I returned to my command the next morning. It was about seven miles east of Richmond. I found them in breastworks, with no disturbances that day—all quiet along the line. The next morning early, October 7, 1864, near Darbytown road, we double quicked about a half mile to the left and came to a front face, formed a line of battle and had a sharp brush with the enemy. The men shot with precision and we soon hurled the enemy back. Some cavalry and scouts also got on their flank.

We killed in front of my regiment about sixty, nearly every one was shot through the head. I bore the colors, which were struck several times. Lieut. Glover was killed, or rather, was wounded by a bullet through the head. He lived, though unconscious, for about 24 hours. I considered him one of the best men in the regiment.

We advanced our line about three hundred yards, established a new line and built strong entrenchments and

winter quarters. Soon thereafter, about five days, my company went on picket across the creek about a half mile from the breastworks. One of my company and myself were sent to cook rations. We cooked all day and carried the rations about sundown to the company. We were relieved from vidette duty that night, as we had been cooking all day. Sergeant Wesley put on the reliefs from 12 o'clock that night until day next morning, and I stood with him. We had a great deal of private talk. He stated that he had written to his church for restoration, making acknowledgements. We also engaged in some Masonic conversation. The next morning at the crack of day the vidette opened on the enemy. We were in a skirt of woods with a very steep bluff just on our rear. The Mississippi regiment was on our right in a field. The enemy pressed us with a strong force, crawling on us through the woods.

We had orders not to waste ammunition unnecessarily, but the enemy pressed us hard, as we only had a skirmish line. While Wesley was aiming his gun a ball struck him in the head, piercing his brain. About that time my gun clogged and I took Wesley's gun and fired. The Mississippi regiment had been routed and the enemy were in a few yards of our rail pile, when we slipped down the steep bluff and retreated back to our rifle pits, about 100 yards from our entrenchments. Wesley was breathing heavily though unconscious when we left our post. The character of our conversation while with him during the latter part of the night was of such a nature that it made a deep impression on me. When we fell back to our rifle pits I was very thirsty, but by running diagonally back about forty yards I could get behind a barn and sent a detail after water. But there were a couple of sharpshooters on the creek behind some trees that could see every movement that we made, as we were in an old field. I knew well that they would shoot me if I attempted to get behind the barn.

CHAPTER XV.

I made the attempt as quickly as I could, and they fired two shots at me in succession, but they missed their mark. There were a dozen or more men that had collected behind the barn, and we sent our canteens for water. About this time the enemy had brought up a piece of artillery and commenced shelling the barn. The men commenced to pile brick against it, which would have been some protection against small balls, but none whatever against shells or solid cannon balls. One shell struck the barn and passed through an old carriage that was under it. About this time the man with the canteens returned with our water. I decided I would go back to my rifle pit and carry my comrades some water. Knowing that as soon as I appeared at the corner of the barn in full view of the enemy—as I had to go direct toward them from the barn to my rifle pits—they would again shoot at me, I took a running start from behind the barn. As I passed around the corner of the barn two shots passed almost simultaneously. I had my jacket unbuttoned. One bullet cut the buttonhole of my jacket out, as it was rather open and flying back, and the other bullet struck my pants on my left thigh. My pants had just been sent to me by my wife; they were a kind of dimity cotton pants which were very strong and durable.

In a line while the Texans got on their flank and harried the artillery and infantry back so we were quiet and rest of the day. We would have been relieved of picket duty that evening had we not been engaged, as we were not relieved until that night.

Our brigade had moved two or three miles to the left. We rejoined our command and in a few days were at our former position. One morning it was terribly cold and freezing with considerable snow. We mounted breastworks. We thought we were going to North Carolina, but

It was only a reconnaissance. We maneuvered all day in the cold freezing weather, without fire. Col. Perry, of the Forty-fourth Alabama regiment, was in command of the brigade. This is called the battle of Williamsburg, and we captured a few prisoners. We found the enemy strongly entrenched with artillery. The men's hands were so cold and benumbed that they could not load their guns. Colonel Perry was making arrangements to charge in their stronghold, but General Longstreet ordered us to our former position that we had left that morning. We returned about dark, having been on the tramp all day in the cold freezing weather.

At about this time there were about six of us messing together. We dug a square hole in the ground, about nine feet long, seven feet wide and three feet deep; built it about two and a half feet high above the pit, worked out some old slats from an old field pine and made a sort of a roof, and made a chimney and a fire place with a scut-hole in one corner to go in and out. The army had been so reduced in numbers that it made the duty heavier and oftener. My command went into picket every other night, as General Lee tried to keep up appearances, and would generally have a strong picket out. Having charge of the colors and attending to the receiving and forwarding of the mail, I was exempt from picket duty, so I would remain in our little den every night and take care of such things that the men would leave there which they did not need on picket. We had to carry on our shoulders old field pine sapplings, half a mile through the mud, sleet, and snow for fuel to cook with. There was great complaint among the men, about our bread, especially. General Longstreet decided that he would try an experiment by having details made to cook the bread at Richmond, so he pressed the bakeries into service and had men from different commands to go to Richmond and bake baker's bread. The experiment was very unsatisfactory as the men only drew three-fourths of a loaf to

the man, but by doing the cooking themselves they would get six small biscuits to the man, without any seasoning.

The officers decided there was leakage or stealing somewhere, so had an officers' call and decided they would detail two men from the brigade to ferret out and investigate the matter. Myself and another man was sent to Richmond for that purpose. When I went into the bakery there were a half dozen negro women in there taking considerable liberties and privileges. Bart Reno was chief cook. As I stepped in one of the women said she was going to have that piece of bread. I told them if they did not get out in a hurry I would plant my bayonet through them. I soon had them away and turned to Reno and told him my duties and that I did not know how I could keep from reporting him.

The first loaf of bread that was carried to the brigade commissary was thrown in the wagon body like loading up with ears of corn. I went with the first load to guard it, and left my comrade at the bakery to keep things straight and in order until I returned. It was about seven miles from Richmond to the brigade commissary. When I got within one hundred yards of the commissary quarters a couple of officers that I did not know rode up to the wagon and reached over to get some bread out of the wagon. They were in their nice uniforms, with high boots and shining spurs. I told them they could not get it. They asked if I knew who they were. I told them I did not and did not care to know, but I knew my orders or duty. They said they intended to have a loaf of bread. I told them if they attempted to take it that I would thrust my bayonet in one of them and give the other a minnie ball. At this crisis they called to Major Scruggs, the brigade commissary, and asked if they could get some bread. He replied, telling me to let them have a loaf, which I did. When I was delivering the bread to Mr. Scruggs I told him that he would have to account for the two loaves if it came out of his rations, as I knew the



number of men that it had to be issued to and the number of loaves that were in the wagon, and the number of pounds of flour used in preparing the bread; that if each man did not get out and a fourth loaves I would certainly report him; that it was my duty to look after leakage and stealing; that we had as good soldiers as ever trod the earth, but some of them were occasionally deserting on account of various hardships and especially on account of short rations, and that so far as my duties were concerned, I would treat men and officers alike, special favors to none. So instead of three-fourths of a pound, I carried one and a quarter pounds to each man.

This bakery business was continued for about ten days. The men became dissatisfied as the bread did not seem to give the satisfaction of the little hard biscuit, so I was discontinued. I would alternate with my comrades in going with the wagon to carry the bread. We had a brick house to stay in and could use the wood that was provided for baking the bread, while there Maj. J. W. L. Daniel came around to see me. Congress was then in session and he was there on business. Daniel's uncle was a member of the congress from that district. Major Daniel pencilled out an application for a furlough for me. It was very strong and went through all right until I got to Gen. Lee. He disapproved it. I kept the application after it was disapproved. I had the personal endorsement of my company, regiment and brigade commanders as to my character as a soldier and a man. I will refer to this application later on. I have it in my possession today and value and appreciate it very much.

When the bakery was in process,—it was about from the 10th to the 20th of December, 1864,—there was nothing of much importance occurred on the lines through the months of November and December, except a regular routine of picket duty, such as they were, and general hunger and almost starvation. It was certainly very trying to one being thus situated.

On the first day of January, 1865, Capt. Shoaff, who was in command of the regiment, sent for Bryant Wilson and myself to go to his quarters. Captain Tom Christian, adjutant of the Fourth (Law's) Alabama brigade, had made a requisition for two reliable men from the Fifteenth Alabama to go about 6 miles on the Chickahominy to his aunt, Mrs. Annie Christian, as a protection to her and her premises; also to take up men out of their places and report them to General Gary, whose headquarters were about one mile from Mrs. Christian's.

We were to draw ten day's rations at a time.—In short, to act as a provost guard. I told Captain Shoaff that I did not want to go as I had been with the boys so much that I hated to leave them; that I was attending to the receiving and forwarding of the mail, and I was afraid I would lose the grip I had on the colors, as I felt that Archibald, when he returned, if ever, would soon be retired on account of age and physical disability. He replied, "Jordan, I want you to go; you have never had any good time; you will be delighted with the change; you will have a horse at any time to come after your mail, get your rations and see the boys; also, you can turn your rations over to Mrs. Christian. You will have a good house to live in, with a negro man to wait on you, keep you with fires, etc., also a good library of books at your command. You will be well protected from the weather, and I have selected you and Wilson and I want you to go."





CHAPTER XVI.

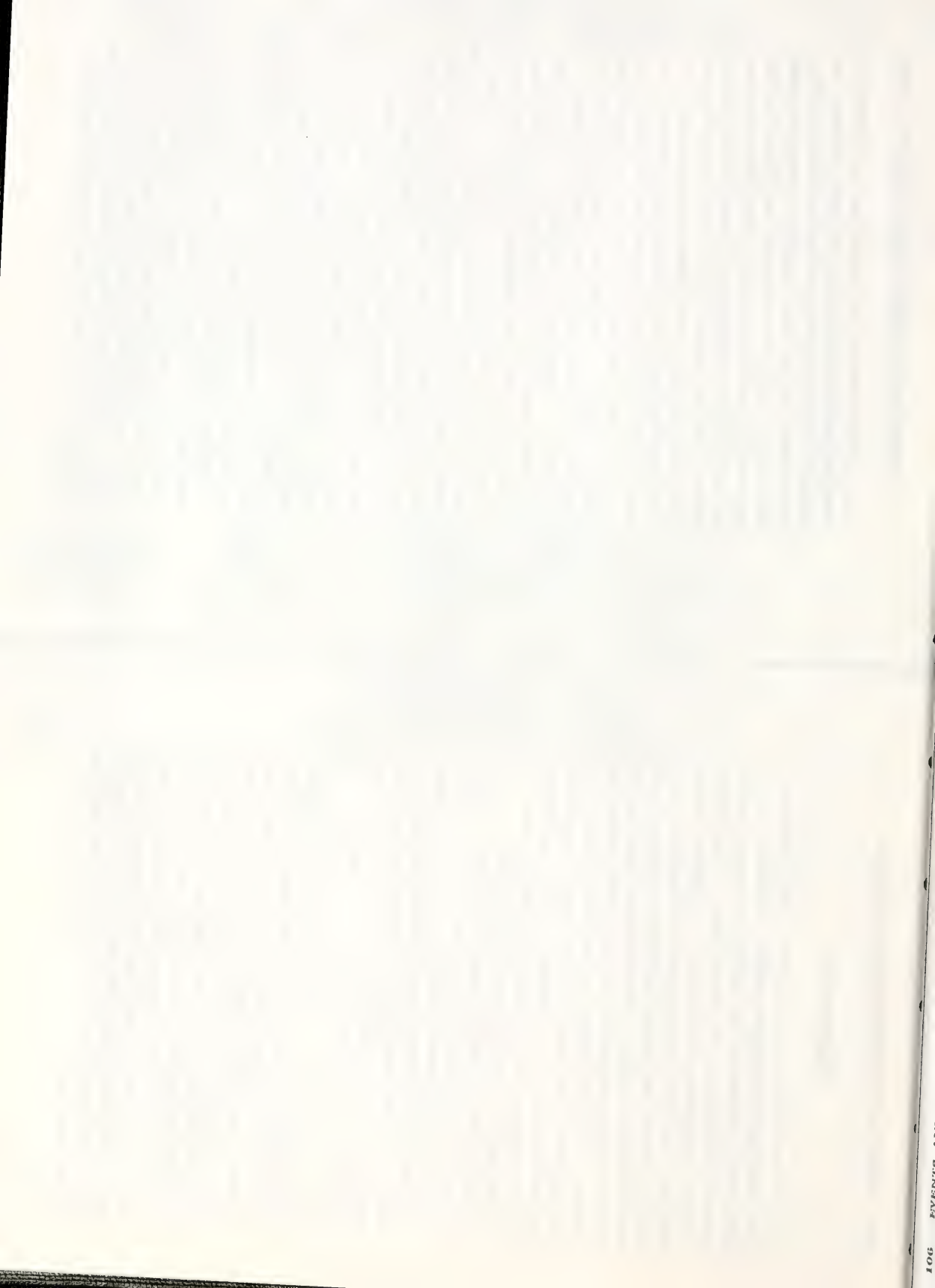
So we went that evening, arrived at Mrs. Christian's just before dark and reported to her. She seemed to be well pleased, and assigned us quarters in the yard in the office of Dr. Christian that he used when he was living, a framed house with shingle roof, with plastered walls and two rooms with stack chimney. Our quarters contained a library, bed, chairs, washstand and mirror; the other room was occupied by the negro that waited on us, the negro servant who waited on Dr. Christian during his lifetime. I have my orders, the last that I received during the war. After we had supper, which was rather late, we went back to our quarters. We had a good fire. It was extremely cold, the moon was shining brightly, ice was about one inch thick and still freezing.

After warming a little I remarked to Wilson that it was very tempting to remain by the fire, but I thought we had better go down by the barn and stand a couple of hours; that if we were vigilant and caught the depredators, we would have quite a good time; he consented very readily to my suggestions, and I will say, by the way, that Mr. Wilson was as true as the needle to the pole.

Gary's South Carolina cavalry pickets were doing picket duty just below the barn, some 200 yards, on the edge of the meadow on the Chickahominy. I had seen a few of them. They told me that they were glad that we had come as a protection for Mrs. Christian; that she was a kind, true, Southern lady, and that they had been suspected of breaking into her barn, that it was untrue; that it was infantry, and that by our being vigilant and watchful we would soon find out who was guilty; and furthermore, should there be too many for us to manage that by giving them notice they would give us all the assistance that we might need.

So we went down to the lot and took a position between two double cribs, about 40 feet from the barn. As stated, the moon was shining brightly and the ground was frozen hard. We had been standing between the cribs about half an hour, when we could hear the feet of the men stalking the frozen ground. When they got within 200 yards of us, with quick step, tramp, tramp, we started, thought that the weather was so cold that the cavalry pickets were going to relieve those on picket on foot. Gen. Gary was keeping up the extreme left of General Lee's army, so here they came. As soon as they arrived opposite the barn they halted and fronted in double line, facing the front of the barn and then started for the barn door. I halted them; there were twenty-eight of them and had eight guns. I asked, "Who is that?" and the answer was, "It is we, and we have not come to steal but to take." I told them they knew what it was to resist a guard, that it was my duty to arrest the last one of them, and for convenience to march them to Gen. Gary's headquarters; that there were so many of them, should they resist, I would have assistance in a short time from Gary's cavalry pickets. I now knew that it was infantry, instead of cavalry, and I sympathized with the men on the line, as I had just left there that evening and it was almost starvation, so that I could not blame them so much if they would go to Richmond and charge the government commissaries, but to charge Mrs. Christian's barn, a true Southern lady, was not to be tolerated. If they attempted such a thing somebody would get hurt, and they knew the penalty for resisting a guard.

I brought them to a point, and some of them said they were going to ask Mrs. Christian for some meal. I told them not to go as I did not want her bothered in that way. I knew she did not have it to spare, and we could have Gary's pickets in a few minutes by firing a gun as a signal. About half of them ran off in a hurry to see Mrs. Christian. I told Wilson to go with them, while I



remained in the lot near the barn, entertaining the rest the best I could. Wilson soon returned with the barn keys and said Mrs. Christian told him to let them have what meal there was in a certain box. They got it as quick as possible and left in a hurry. They had come about six miles. They belonged to Jenkin's South Carolina brigade in my division. Hood's old division, then Gen. Field's division.

As soon as they left, I suggested to Wilson that we would walk around the barn and look about and get acquainted with the ground. When we got around the northeast corner of the barn, where there was a small room, with the door partly prized open, we discovered some peas in the hulls scattered on the ground where the marauders got over the fence. The door-breaking, I suppose, was done while I was talking to a large squad of them, while Wilson was gone, there being more of them than I could keep up with. I told Wilson we would move our bedding and make it in the room where the peas had been taken from. We could make a more comfortable bed there than the boys had on the line, and I felt sure we would catch them in three nights, put a stop to such operations and have a comparatively good time. So we left our good fire and comfortable room that night and went to the barn. We slept with our shoes and clothes on, with our arms convenient at hand. I lay in front, next to the door. We could close the door, but could not fasten it on the inside.

The third night, about 12 o'clock, with about one inch of snow on the ground and the moon shining bright, I heard some one coming through the field from the direction they went off with the peas a few nights before. About that time Wilson heard them and he nudged me in the side to see if I was awake. I returned the signal that I was. They came and got over the fence near the barn. I was ready and so was Wilson. A fellow snatched the door open and at the same time I jumped out. Wilson

just after me. There were three of them; one ran around the carriage house, one had gotten over the fence. We halted them. The fellow over the fence decided he would run. We both shot but neither tried to hit him, as it was too cruel; so he got away and also the one that ran around the carriage house. When the one that stood saw that he had emptied our guns, he said: "I ain't going to stay neither." I called him and said I would show him whether he would or not. Wilson loaded his gun as quickly as possible. We secured him and carried him to our quarters and let him lie before the fire. I guarded him while Wilson slept, as he was then considered an old man.

We carried him the next morning to Gen. Gary before breakfast. After that we always slept in our quarters under roof. Mrs. Christian was never bothered or worried any more while I stayed there—only a hog was missing that could never be accounted for. Mr. Wilson remained with me about one month, when his son came to recruit for him, which gave him a furlough. James Hill of Troy, a young man of Co. E., Wilson's company, was sent to me to relieve Wilson. Hill did not stay with me but a few days. For some purpose, I know not what, Hill was relieved by James Hartfield of Troy, same company.

When necessary I would go to the regiment on a horse for our rations and the mail. Hartfield usually remained about the plantation, with my gun, shoot crows, hawks, etc., and take up soldiers if I came across any that were out of their places.

One day as I was passing along a plantation road, through a scope of woods near Mrs. Christian's plantation, I came across two men sitting under a tree. I went where they were. They soon asked me if I knew where Gen. Gary's picket lines were. I told them I did, and asked them why they wanted to know about the picket line. They said they wanted to get to their homes as they

were on their way from the hospital at Richmond. Prince George and Prince Williams counties were their homes. I told them to follow me. I had to go direct to my headquarters which was in a direct line to the nearest point to the picket line.

When I arrived at the yard of Mrs. Christian's, I called Hartsfield and told him our duty and orders were to carry these men to Gen. Gary. I never saw men so much hacked as they were. I told them I was sorry that they were in trouble, but I was bound to carry out orders.

So we carried them over to Gen. Gary's agent, and took a receipt for them in pen and ink, as Gen. Lee had issued an order, punning any soldier a furlough of 80 days to capture a deserter, dead or alive, so I took the receipt, thinking in the future, at an opportune time, I would apply for a furlough. I told Hartsfield I would give him the benefit of one of them. I have the receipt to this day for the two men, their names and commands. They both belonged to the Ninth Virginia cavalry, but different troops and counties.

While at Mrs. Christian's I gathered up about 20 army guns that I intended to turn over to the ordnance. I got a fine carbine, which I exchanged with one of Gary's cavalymen, while on picket, for an Enfield rifle, as it was more suitable for cavalry service. My regiment was never engaged in battle the whole three months that I was absent from them. Mrs. Christian was a Miss Annie Harrison before she married Dr. Christian. She was a granddaughter of President William Harrison. She had about 40 in her family, white and black, at her home on the Chickahominy, about four and a half miles northeast of Richmond. Dr. Christian left a large estate, with over 200 slaves, near the line of Perry and Marengo counties, in this State, known as the canebrake country. Her white family consisted of three sons and three daughters, grown, and a young son, Harrison, about 12 or 14 years old, and a young daughter 14 or 15.

CHAPTER XVII.

Captain Crouch was the captain of artillery, his wife, and son, Temple, about 5 years old, were staying at Mrs. Christians' and Charley Berkeley, said to be the son of the originator of —, a boy of about 12 or 18 years old. Captain Crouch would usually come to Mrs. Christian on Saturday nights and return to his command on Monday mornings, as his command was nearly east of the James river. Mrs. Crouch taught a little school in one of the rooms of Mrs. Christian's house. Mr. Slimmons, a refugee, was a superintendent on Mrs. Christian's plantation, but lived about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Christian's. Mr. Slimmons, I think, was a very clever gentleman, but a poor manager. He and Mrs. Christian would frequently consult me, or get my counsel or advice as to the management of the plantation; in fact, I became a kind of half-overseer or superintendent.

One night, about the 25th of March, 1865, I took my gun after supper, as I very often did, and took a walk. The moon was shining brightly. As I passed in front of the yard about some large cedar trees, I noticed the shadow of a tree grew larger. I stepped to see what it was. A very large negro was behind the tree. As I was passing, he would gradually move a round the tree, which made the shadow appear to grow larger. I asked who was that. He replied that he belonged to Dr. Friend, who lived about a mile east of Mrs. Christian's; that he was waiting for a friend that had stopped in one of the cabins a few minutes; that they were going out visiting. I told him to step out; that he looked rather suspicious to me. I made him march in front of me until I reached the yard gate. As we passed through the gate he remarked: "I ain't no man, my name is Molly Robinson." I told him I would give him Molly Robinson; William Christian, a young man who belonged to Fitz Lee's cavalry, and



just been exchanged and returned home, I called to him to come out there, as I thought we had a very interesting case. He came out and took the negro to my quarter's and ascertained that she was a woman dressed in man's clothing. I called to the man in the other room who waited on us to bring me a chain and lock, which he did, and I put the chain and lock on her ankle and told the man to take her to his room, confine her, and lock the door; that I would hold him responsible for her forthcoming appearance next morning.

The next morning I decided I would carry her to Richmond and have her committed to jail by a magistrate. I asked William if I could get a horse and saddle. He said I could, and that he would accompany me, that the magistrate lived in the suburbs of the city, immediately on the direct road. The negress was very sullen and had never given me any information about herself as to who she belonged to or what she was up to. When she found out that I was going to carry her to jail she said her woman's clothing was down at Dr. Friend's, and she wanted to change. I told her no, that I intended to carry her as I had found her; that she was mulish and sullen. That she had an opportunity to tell me the truth and she had not done it, and that I was going to carry her to jail as I had found her. She at once became very humble; said every body at Richmond knew her and that she did not want to go there dressed in man's clothing; that she belonged to an estate; that she was hired out to a Jew by the executor; that she had been run away for about three months and was taking in washing on the lines.

I was satisfied that she had told the truth as far as she went, but not the whole truth, for there was no doubt that her reason for being in men's clothing was that it better enabled her to get over the picket line to the enemy, she thinking she could make it easier, clad in men's clothing. So I had William Christian to send after her clothing. As soon as she changed, we carried her before the

magistrate and had her committed to jail. The magistrate knew her, the executor, and the Jew, to whom she was hired. The magistrate stated that the executor had offered a reward of \$500 for her delivery; that he was responsible and that I would certainly get the reward, as soon as he returned home; that he was absent from home at that time. William Christian also knew the party after he had learned their names, and said that he would see to it that I got the reward.

In the course of a week on Saturday, April 1, 1865, Mr. Hartsfield and I went down on the meadow and gathered a sack of cresses, a kind of greens that put up early in spring and which make excellent greens and salad. I wanted them to carry to my company as I expected to get to see them the next day. At the same time I borrowed a pair of shoes from William Christian; as I was having a negro on the place to half-sole mine that day. The negro did not finish them that evening, so I wore Wm. Christian's the next day. That night two negroes were to marry on Mr. Christian's place. Capt. Tom Christian, our brigadier adjutant, Captain Crouch and all the family were there and myself and Hartsfield. So they wanted to have a little fun and frolic and had me to marry them. I used an old Episcopal form of ceremony.

As I was going to state I went horse back down to the line where I expected to find my company, get my mail and give the boys the sack of cresses, but I could not find any infantry at all. I saw a few artillery men. I asked them where was the infantry; they said they did not know; that they were moved out early in the morning, but did not know where they had gone. I gave the artillery men my sack of greens and returned to Mrs. Christian's. I did not like the signs or appearance of things; I was ordered to remain at Mrs. Christian's until ordered to leave. I told Hartsfield that I did not like the signs; also told Mrs. Christian. I called the negro up and told him to finish my shoes up right away. About the mid-



dle of the evening I took a stroll down the avenue, which was about one quarter of a mile from the gate with a row of cedar trees on each side of the avenue. When I got in about 100 yards of the gate a courier came dashing through it. I halted him and told him he could not come that way. He used some profanity and ran up the road about 200 yards and dashed through the cedar bush fence, and made a kind of half-moon towards Mrs. Christian's.

I went on back towards the house, and met the courier just before getting to Mrs. Christian's yard. I remarked to him, that he seemed to be excited and asked him if there was anything up. He said he had been down to the picket line, with orders for the pickets to keep up a bold front; that Richmond would be evacuated that night. I told him I was sorry that I delayed or put him to any inconvenience in forbidding him to pass through the gate, as it was not my purpose to obstruct military operations in the least.

As soon as I heard that Richmond would be evacuated that night, I knew then that General Longstreet's forces had been withdrawn to the south side of the river, and that I had no protection whatever. As I had been ordered to remain until ordered to leave, I hesitated what to do. I told Hartsfield we would remain on the alert until in the morning, and wait for further development. I had long ago determined not to be a prisoner, if determination, strategy, and endurance would prevent it.

The next morning the report of the siege pieces fired by the enemy would make the window sash tremble. Mrs. Christian and William hastened about daybreak to Richmond, to see after her choice silver ware, china, and fine furniture, etc., that she had deposited there for safe keeping. She only kept such articles in the country as were necessary.

The negro had not quite finished half soling my shoes. I hurried him up, and ordered three days' rations of biscuit for each of us. We went into the smoke house and

cut off about three pounds of bacon apiece and filled our canteens with sorghum syrup, and ate our breakfast. I put on my mended shoes and we were in the act of leaving when we saw Mrs. Christian and William returning from Richmond. They reported the place was surrendered to the Yankees; and that the streets were full of them. She was in a great deal of trouble, and did not know what she would do. I told her to immediately make a requisition to the commander to furnish her a guard for protection. She said that if she knew that she would get such protection as we had afforded her she would be greatly relieved. I told her that if she secured a guard, I thought that it would not be so bad as she thought or imagined it would be. I told her that I must go; that I intended avoiding being a prisoner, and told her and William good-bye. She placed \$50 in confederate money in my hand when I told her good-bye.

I had arranged the night before, the route that I would take, determining to get to General Lee at all hazards. I had an instinctive idea that General Lee was trying to fall back to Danville, so as to form a junction with Gen. Johnson in North Carolina. The way that I was situated, my only chance was to make Lynchburg my objective point, at first, as that was the only place that I could cross the James river. So as to avoid the enemy, although it was a rather circuitous route.

I had great misgivings as to General Lee's being able to get to General Johnson, as I had a good idea of his strength, condition of his stock, scarcity of provisions, etc., and the strong resources of General Grant, but having such confidence in General Lee's ability, I had strong hope of his being able to get to Danville, and that I would meet my command there.



CHAPTER XVIII.

When I left Mrs. Christian's I went up the Chickahominy through plantations. My object was to cross the Chickahominy where the railroad crossed it, leading around from Richmond to Hanover Junction. The noise of artillery at Richmond was very heavy. I passed by a settlement in a plantation and an old gentlement came out and asked me if I ever heard such thundering roar of artillery. I replied that it was not a circumstance compared to Gettysburg. I was eager to get across the Chickahominy as quick as possible, as I anticipated cavalry scouts would be pursuing hospital fellows and important citizens, and I wanted to get across the South Anna river as quick as possible. I knew if I could succeed in crossing this river that day, I would be pretty safe, as Sheridan, not a great while before, had destroyed the bridge across the South Anna, and any pursuit of the enemy's cavalry would be retarded by the bridge being gone.

As I passed over the Chickahominy across the railroad bridge, a gentleman in a confederate captain's uniform was sitting braced against a tree on the north side of the river, with a fine sportsman's rifle between his knees. He remarked, "Which way, man?" I told him in short of our condition; that having been neglected to be relieved the Yankees had got Richmond and I was in the rear trying to get my command; was making Lynchburg my objective joint, and would then strike for Danville. He stated that he was a refuge from the valley of Virginia; that his family were in Richmond; that he was captain of the First Virginia Reserves; was officer of the day yesterday in Richmond, and had got permission late in the evening to stay with his family that night; that when he got up that morning all our troops, militia and all had been withdrawn to the south side of the James, and the city was full of Yankees. He gave his name as Captain

Newman of the First Virginia Reserves. He remarked to me that he had on the stripes but that he would follow me. I told him all right, so we pulled for the South Anna river. I ruined my feet before we got to the Chickahominy bridge, as the negro neglected to rub the pegs out of my shoes.

We crossed the South Anna about dusk and went to Hanover Junction, which was a short distance, about one mile, to my best recollection. Hanover Junction lies between the North and the South Anna, about twenty-eight miles from Richmond. We parted with Mrs. Christian about 8 A. M. We made fairly good time that day, all things being considered. We saw a vacant cabin nearby, so we went in and occupied it that night. I told them to rest and not to be uneasy as we were safe for that night.

The next morning about light I went out looking around a little, and saw a hand car standing on the track. I went in and told my men about it. So we pressed the hand car into service. We had to use spikes to propel it. We pulled off our coats and placed our guns and baggage on the platform, two using the spikes all the time. Sometimes the third man would get off and push when we would get to a heavy grade. We traveled at the rate, I guess, of about six or seven miles an hour. We went within about three miles of Frederick's Hall, and there some men overtook us in a crank car loaded with trunks. When they overtook us they told us to throw away our spikes. We did so. They then shoved us on to Frederick Hall where Sheridan had destroyed the railroad for about a fourth of a mile.

There was an engine and a box fired up in the act of starting at the other end of the gap in the road that had been destroyed. We hastened and arrived just in the nick of time to get on. When we got to Gordonsville, Captain Newman stated to me that he did not know what to do; that he had a brother that lived at Orange Court House;

that everything was uncertain, and he thought perhaps that he had better go to his brother's. I told him that I was differently situated, and would try to carry out my purpose. Perhaps it would be practicable and best for him to go to his brother's. We parted there; he made me a present of a fine pipe and sack of tobacco. The sack was very nice, made of silk. He took my address and I took his.

I and Hartsfield continued on the train to Kilsick Station on the way to Charlottesville. Arrived there about 10 o'clock in the night. There we got off as the train could go no farther. Sheridan had destroyed the road there. So we went out to Charlottesville, arriving there about 2 o'clock in the night in a slow rain. Got quite damp.

We got to the Rivanna river, which is against or near by Charlottesville. The bridge had been destroyed by Sheridan. We whooped and hallowed for some time trying to attract the attention of some one to put us over. Finally a man answered our call and came over in a dug out or canoe and carried us over. I paid him ten dollars for each of us.

The first house we came to had a little portico in front. We quietly went in, made down our pallets and lay there until about day. I heard a negro cutting wood in the yard and got some fire from him to light my pipe, and told him to tell the proprietor that two soldiers lay there in the latier part of the night as quiet as possible as we did not want to disturb any one.

I decided I would go up into Charlottesville and see my Virginia mother, Mrs. Tarr, who waited on me when I was so sick in the spring of 1862. I met a soldier and he advised me not to go in town, that the guards would take me up. I replied that I did not regard the guards and was not uneasy about them. So I went up in town. In a few minutes I suppose, there were not less than forty men congregated around us enquiring about the situation

at Richmond. I told them the truth in as short a way as I could. We gave the first intelligence of the surrender of Richmond. No one could have made the trip quicker than we did.

This was Wednesday morning, about sunrise, April, 5, 1865. So I disarmed the guards and then I enquired for Mrs. Tarr. I was told that she had changed to the Dellin hospital. I went and found her. She recognized me, but at first could not call my name. She soon thought of it and said it is Mr. Jordan. I told her yes. She introduced me to the superintendent and told him it had been her duty all during the war to wait on sick men. That she had a great many very bad cases, but that I was the sickest man she ever saw to recover. Mrs. Tarr gave us a warm breakfast.

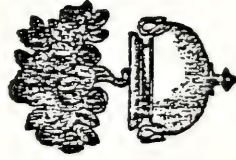
I told Hartsfield I wanted to go by my old Virginia daddy's; that it was only about two miles out there. Hartsfield had a large frying pan lashed to his hip that was obstructing his movement. He was a more delicate man than myself, and I knew we had some hard marching to do ahead of us. I told him to dispose of it. He asked me how. I told him to sell it; if he could not sell it to trade it off, or give it away. There was a great demand for utensils of that kind at that time. It was a large and good one. He went to a drug store and traded it off for a pint of imported brandy. We drank it at once, I drinking the most of it. I thought it the best remedy for sore feet that I had ever tried as long as it lasted.

We then started for Mr. John P. Mayo's, my Virginia daddy. I knew a near way that made it a half mile nearer than to go around the road. We arrived there about 10 A. M. and remained until the next morning, resting and doctoring my feet. I found that Sheridan had given Mr. Mayo a call and took and destroyed a great deal of his effects. I certainly sympathized with him, as he was a good, clever gentleman, about 60 years old.



The next morning we started for Lynchburg. It was about half mile to the railroad, which we struck and went on the track the entire way. About 11 A. M. we struck up with a Marylander, who stated that he was in our condition, and was endeavoring to get to his command.

We marched on together for about half an hour. I saw a large house to the left in a large plantation, and proposed that we would call and see if we could get some refreshments. So we hailed, and an old venerable looking man came out. I asked him if we could get some refreshments; he said he had nothing too good for a true Confederate soldier, but sometimes he was fearful that he did wrong encouraging men out of their places; that he was one of the law-makers of the state, and his name was William Hart. I replied to him that he was a man of my heart; that a great many were skulking and even deserting; told him my situation and drew my application that I had made for a furlough with the personal endorsement of my officers as to my character; also the last orders that I received. He read all carefully and turned to me and said: "Mr. Jordan, my house is your home, and I want you to stop and rest some time; that he had no family except himself and wife, except a one-armed major of Morgan's command, who had been with him for six months.



CHAPTER XIX.

Not having been able to go in safety to his home in Kentucky, he told me that he was satisfied that if all our men were such men as he took me to be, there would be no such thing as failure. I thanked him for the compliment, and told him we could not stay any longer than to get our dinner; that we were then on a race with Stoneman and wanted to get to Lynchburg before he did, as he was moving from West Virginia in that direction; and that if he cut us off there, perhaps we would have to lie in the mountains for weeks.

So while dinner was being prepared, Mrs. Hart said to me, she wanted to prepare a letter to General Trimble, who was in the vicinity of Lynchburg; and that had lately been exchanged, and it was not prudent for him to go to his home in Maryland at that time.

It will be remembered that the 15th Alabama regiment was a part of his brigade when we were under General Jackson before we were transferred to General Longstreet's corps. General Trimble was an old friend and acquaintance of Mrs. Hart; the letter was an invitation to General Trimble to come to her house and make it his home until the war or trouble was over. General Trimble lost a leg at Gettysburg; was left badly wounded and consequently was made a prisoner. Mrs. Hart insisted that I mail the letter at Lynchburg, if I thought it prudent to do so. If I thought it was not prudent or if the post office had been abandoned, to use my discretion; that she was very anxious for him to get the letter, but if I saw that I would be captured to destroy it.

After we had finished eating a good dinner, we took our guns and baggage and started for Lynchburg; we marched about twelve miles, and stayed all night with a gentleman that treated us very kindly and hospitably.



The next morning after an early breakfast we put our for Lynchburg.

It was our impression that when we arrived at the first station above Amhurst court house, we could take the train and go to Lynchburg. We ate dinner with a citizen that day, arrived at the station referred to above, about an hour by sun. That was as far as General Sheridan had destroyed the road on a raid he had made.

As soon as I arrived at the station, I saw General Trimble sitting on a horse near by; I stepped up to him and shook his hand, told him my name. I stated to him that I knew he did not know me but I knew him. Told him that my regiment used to compose part of his brigade; he asked me what regiment; I replied Fifteenth Alabama. He straitened up in his saddle with his one leg, with tears streaming down his cheeks and said: "Jordan, I don't say that Fifteenth Alabama was the best regiment from the state of Alabama, but the best regiment in the Confederate service." I said, "General Trimble, it is very gratifying to me to see you," and then on to state the instructions Mrs. Hart had given in reference to the letter I told him under the circumstances I did not think there were one change in a hundred that he would ever see it, but to be so fortunate as to see him and deliver it to him in person, it was indeed very gratifying. I delivered it to him, for which he thanked me and seemed to appreciate it very much. I then remarked to him, explaining my situation, that I supposed I could ride on the car from Lynchburg. He says "No, Jordan, they have brought out the last rolling stock from Lynchburg to Amhurst Court House and the place has been evacuated." I told him I intended to get to Lee if possible; that I intended to go to Lynchburg that night. It was five to six miles from there to Amhurst Court House, so I shook his hand and resumed my march for Amhurst Court House and arrived there about dark.

There were three hundred of Morgan's men there that had been exchanged and had been sent there from West Virginia to avoid recapture. I took supper or lunch with a squad or half a dozen of them. In our conversation I told them I had marched 80 miles that day and intended to cross the James river on the railroad bridge that night which was about fifteen miles; that I was going to exert every nerve and use every energy to get to Lee; if I failed to cross the James that night I was fearful that I would perhaps have to lie in the mountains for weeks, as I was determined to avoid capture. Should I be cut off from General Lee and fail to get to him, then I would try to get to General Johnson or some other organized force. But it was my duty in the first place to get my command there if possible. In the event that I could not get either, as I had my misgivings, I would get home the nearest and quickest way possible.

One of the Kentuckians that I supped with was named Jennings. I found that he was the nephew of Major Jennings that traded in stock. I was acquainted with him; they owned mules that I had purchased of him. The man said the condition of the country was such that it was not safe for them to get home at that time and they believed they would go with me. I told them I would like their company, and if circumstances so developed as to make it necessary for me to go home, in such an event, I would take them to my home and treat them as brothers.

After we finished our lunch they decided that they did not know what to do, as they were under the command of a major. I told them that while I would like their company, I wanted them to understand I was not trying to decoy them off; that every tub had to stand on its own bottom; that I intended to carry out my purpose, and would, of course, be governed by future developments.

So Hartsfield and I went down the railroad for Lynchburg about one hour after dark. We came but a short



distance when Hartsfield balked, said that there was no use kicking against the pricks; that we would certainly be captured, and that he was weak and tired, and could not go further. I told him that would not do, to nerve up and follow me; that it was my duty to make escape, and that we must cross over the James river into Lynchburg; that I wanted company and that we had been on duty for two months together and I hated to leave him, but I could not move him, so I shook hands with him and left him.

After I had gone about 50 yards, he hailed me and came up to me. I said to him to take his gun and equipment and throw them into a culvert (that we were standing not more than a quarter of a mile this side of Amhurst Court House) and his old blanket too, and get a lonk stick and pole after me, that it was all in my bones that I believed we would make it and that it was our duty to do all we could, that if he died rational, he would be proud the last day he lived, that he took my advice." So he threw his gun, cartridge box and blanket under the culvert in a hole of water and followed me.

We arrived at Lynchburg at 2 p. m., April 8th, 1865. I never felt more relieved than when we got over the bridge into Lynchburg. It was a very long bridge with a plank placed in the middle of the track. I always dreaded walking trestles as it made me dizzy. There was not a human being to be seen, no light, no barking of dogs, nothing to indicate that a living soul was in the place. It was as still as a graveyard. We walked up to the car shed. I told Hartsfield that we would rest awhile there, Yankee or no Yankee. We made down our pallet, and lay down, after having walked about 45 miles that day without sleeping.

We lay there about two hours and got up to look around and find out and see what we could. We saw a few scattered soldiers and officers; could hear nothing from General Lee nor anything encouraging. The train

to Petersburg via Farnsville which led in the direction of General Lee had ceased operation. A great deal of tobacco and whiskey had been destroyed the evening before. Scouts came and reported that the Yankees were near by, at a little place called New London, so I decided we would go to the hotel and have a warm breakfast, which we did and paid \$10 each for breakfast, which took all my finances. I had paid about \$15 for ferrage between Charlottesville and Lynchburg. We breakfasted about sun up as we wanted to get out of Lynchburg as speedily as possible.

I then made Danville my objective point. As we passed out of the hotel a captain in uniform stepped up and said, "Which way, men?" I told him in short my condition and purpose. He stated that he was in like situation and insisted that we go around the way side home and get our breakfast and he would go with us. I replied that I had no time to lose, but would like to have his company, and concluded to do so. At the soldiers' way side I went through the blank motion of eating, as I had already had my breakfast at the hotel.

When we started out the superintendent ordered us out in the trenches around Lynchburg, with the militia, consisting of about 800 old men and boys. After we got out I told the captain that I did not intend to pay any attention to the orders; that I was trying to get to my command; that I had just walked the day before and night before together without sleeping, 45 miles. I told him I knew what I intended to do. He said he did not know what to do. I told him that I knew what I was going to do, that I had a head of my own; that I would not jeopardize myself with such a sham of a force to protect Lynchburg. It was my duty to get to my command, if I had any, that if I found that I had none, I would try to get to an organized force. So after detaining me for the sake of his company, he went back and decided not to go with me. I came through the southern



suburbs of the city where a gentleman hailed me and says, "Which way man." I told him my purpose to make Danville my objective point. He says that he was a poor man, but a true southerner, that he was afraid our cause was lost. He asked me if he could not do something for us. I told him nothing that I knew of. He said, "can't I give you some breakfast." I replied that we had had breakfast. He then asked if he could not prepare us some rations. I told him that we had three pounds of bacon that we had not touched, that we had bought from beyond Richmond on the Chickahominy, saving in case of emergencies.



CHAPTER XX.

He then advised me to take the mountain road, as it was as near as the main thoroughfare and a more private way, a better way to forage, and I would be less liable to come in contact with Stoneman's raiders. He presented me with ten dollars which I took and thanked him, and told him that I had already received unsolicited \$50.00 which I had used in paying our ferrriage and for our breakfast that morning. He stated also that if he was in my place, he would deposit my gun and equipment with some one, as Stoneman's raiders were more severe on a few armed men if they should capture them, regarding them as bushwhackers. I still had my gun, a short Enfield rifle and a nice cartridge box. I had not thought of depositing of them until the gentleman made the suggestion, as I had carried them so much that it seemed they were a part of my person, so I decided to do as he suggested. I left them with him, taking his address and he taking mine; his name was William Edmond, Lynchburg, Va. Will say in this connection he saved the gun and cap box with three cartridges but lost the cartridge box. We corresponded after the war.

We struck for Danville over the mountain road. The Piedmont railroad air line route has been built through from Lynchburg to Danville since the war about the way that I went. A gentleman gave us our dinner. That evening we passed by a cabin where a delicate lady with a half dozen children who seemed to be destitute. We stopped to get a drink of water. Their condition seemed so wretched that I suggested to Hartsfield that we give them our bacon that we had brought from Mrs. Christian's. I told him that I had no fear at all; that I believed we would be cared for, so he consented. We left our bacon with her; we had eaten our biscuit and syrup, so we then had comparatively little burden to bear, as



we had disposed of our guns, equipment and haversacks. I had nothing but my rubber, small knapsack and canteen, which was light.

We marched that day about thirty miles, stayed with some soldiers that were recruiting some horses. From reports they could get that day they were very uneasy about General Lee. We made a march of about twenty miles the next day, the day that General Lee surrendered. We were delayed in trying to find out something of the movements of General Lee; stayed all night with a Mr. Walker in Pottsylvania county; still could hear nothing of the movements of General Lee.

This was the 10th of April, 1865, and that day we took dinner with a gentleman living at the Pittsylvania court house, who gave us an excellent dinner. Coming just after the turn of the evening, I suppose about 4 p. m., at the fork of the road, we met with eight or ten soldiers that belonged to the Twenty-first North Carolina, which was attached to Trimble's brigade when the Fifteenth Alabama was. Hartsfield belonged to the Fifteenth Alabama band. All musicians in a brigade especially knew each other as well as if they belonged to the same company. They gave us the news that General Lee had surrendered. That they had latituded and had made their escape, and were on their way home near Salem, N. C. Musicians in the army generally had bomb proof positions, so they had an opportunity and succeeded in getting out. I will say that having carried my gun and equipments so long that I missed them; it seemed that I could march firmer and steadier with them than without them. They seemed to rest me.

So we marched with the North Carolina band the bal-ance of the evening and passed through a place called Tight Squeeze in ascending White Oak Mountain. We all stayed together that night on the mountain with an old gentleman who treated us very kindly.

The next morning we all continued together for about three miles, and came into the main thoroughfare leading to Lynchburg from Danville. Hartsfield and I started to Danville, which was about six miles. The North Carolinians went directly across and kept the road leading in a more southwesterly direction toward Salem.

We went about a quarter of a mile and a venerable looking old gentleman came out and advised us not to go to Danville; that the place was evacuated and a raid was expected from the Riceville road at any moment. So we countermarched back to where the North Carolina band had left us and marched after them. We overtook them in a few hours and we went together to the Dan river. There we got our dinner. Mr. Sam Hairston who owned the ferry lived there; he was a man of considerable means. He gave us a good dinner and then ferried us across the river into Rockingham county, N. C., about fourteen miles above Danville. I then told Hartsfield that we would try to go to General Johnson. It was my intention to get to the Forty-fifth Alabama, as I had a great many acquaintances in that regiment. As I then had no command I thought we would strike the railroad leading from Danville to Greensboro, about twenty miles below Danville, and get a train or hand car and go to General Johnson as speedily as possible. So the North Carolina band had taken a more westerly and we a southerly direction. We went about five miles and ascertained that the enemy had cut the road at High Point and had captured the two rear trains; that Jeff Davis had happened to be on the front train and got through. Whether this was true or not I cannot say, but that was the report. I right then and there lost all hope of being any further service or help to the cause that I had tried to sustain.

The first house I arrived at I got me an atlas, and made me out a bill, the nearest and most direct way

home, as I thought I might be of some service to my family and effects.

My way bill led me through Salem, Statesville and Lincoln, N. C.; Spartanburg and Greenville, S. C., and Athens, Ga. Consequently I took a more southwesterly direction. For four mornings in succession General Breckenridge, who was secretary of war, passed me, riding a dappled gray horse in company with another man and a negro, heavily packed on a large fine mule. I think General Breckenridge was as fine a looking officer as I ever saw. Yes, he bowed to me four mornings in succession, his horse traveling at the rate of about five miles an hour in a running walk or fox trot. About four or five days after we parted with the North Carolina band, we stayed all night with a Mrs. Osborn, at an old stage stand place. I found out from her that she was a sister of Samson Lanier, who for a number of years was county clerk of the circuit court of Macon county. His family was very intimate with my father. My sisters used to board with them and go to school at Tuskegee.

When we left, we soon overtook five Georgians who had stayed all night with Mrs. Osborn's son nearly opposite from where we lodged. Two captains and three privates, Captain Market from Webster, Ga., Captain Pope from Bibb county, Ga. I do not remember from what portion of the state the others were from. Captain Market had his arm in a sling, having received a slight wound, and Captain Pope made a very poor out marching as he was afflicted in his feet and ankles. They were much swollen after travelling a couple of hours.

General Breckenridge passed us as he had for the last three days; the last time I saw him we overtook him at the cross road at a small village; right here I will explain why General Breckenridge passed me so often. When he and his horse were resting at night I would pass him, and he would overtake me the next morning. Captain Pope was so lame we left him with a citizen

who said he would take care of him. General Breckenridge took a southerly direction towards Salisbury and I took a more southwesterly course. Captain Market said to me, "Had we not better follow General B.?" I told him no, that I had a way bill that was direct. Salem was my objective point. He replied all right; that I had made a favorable impression on him on a short acquaintance; that he had on the stripes but he would let me lead and would follow me. I told him that was all that I wanted.

We did not come exactly through Salem, but came through Waughtown and stayed all night with a very clever Dutchman by the name of Esqr. Nelsen, who treated us splendidly and charged us nothing. He kept a kind of hotel or boarding house. Waughtown is about three miles from Salem.

Our next objective point was Statesville. I remember passing through Smithville Camp ground. Citizens all treated us kindly, furnished us provisions and were willing for us to lie down in their nice beds; but we would not accept, as we were not in the condition to sleep in nice beds, but would lie out in outhouses. As there was great danger of being captured by the enemy's cavalry, by sleeping in the outhouses we would have better chances to make our escape. But if we lodged in their residences, if captured, the enemy would accuse the proprietor of harboring bushwhackers and would cause them to be more harsh and rash with the proprietor.

One night we stopped with a gentleman by the name of Stonestreet; he appeared very gentlemanly and kind; took us in and wanted to show us our beds, but I told him that we preferred outhouses for the reasons above stated. We had the cavalry to contend with more or less all through North Carolina. Sometimes when they were ahead of us, we would watch and follow. If they stopped we would either flank around them and then

push or wait a while until they would get out of our way. Sometimes they would change their course to destroy factories or mills, and we would get ahead of them. They were what we called Stoneman's raiders; consequently we marched further some days without sleeping than on others.

I remember one Saturday evening we were in about fifteen miles of Statesville and heard the enemy was there. Whenever it was necessary for us to feel our way through, I would go in front about seventy-five yards, and my comrades were to watch me, following after me. My signal of danger, or if I needed them, would be by tipping my right ear three times with my finger.

While marching along the road that morning, and when I had got within five miles of Statesville, I turned to the right through a scope of woods to a Captain Montgomery, who lived in a backwoods place. When I arrived at his home I found he was off hiding his stock, and his wife was afraid of us. I told her who we were.



CHAPTER XXI.

What our purpose was; but she was not satisfied, and seemed very nervous and excited. I then drew my paper that I had shown Mr. Hart, as stated in a previous chapter. When she saw that and read it, she became satisfied that we were friends, and immediately sent for Captain Montgomery. It was not very long before he came in and met us very cordially and treated us very hospitably. We took dinner with them and stayed there that evening and night. That evening he mended Captain Market's shoes by half soling them for him. The reason we remained there so long is that we were waiting for the enemy to leave Statesville, which was only about three miles from us, direct on the route we wanted to go.

So after breakfast we started for Statesville. I was leading my men, being about seventy-five yards in advance of them, with the instructions that if I saw anything ahead wrong I would tip my ear to indicate to them to look out, as danger was ahead.

When I got within one mile of Statesville I met a negro man in the road. I stopped him and asked him if the Yankees had left Statesville. He replied that he did not know, but that he would go on there and find out and would report. I told him that I did not care to put him to that trouble, so I pursued onward towards Statesville. As soon as he met Captain Market and the other men, Captain M. had some talk with him, and he called to me to stop, which I did. When he came up he asked me if I did not think it a good idea to get the darkey to go to Statesville and find out the movement of the enemy for us, and report to us. I told him that we would not put him to that trouble, but to watch my movements and follow me. So I went ahead and as soon as I got to the edge of the place, would go through peach orchards, take

houses and gardens as a blind and had advanced near enough to view the business part of the town, when a gentleman came out and told me that they had left about an hour ago; had turned up the country, he supposed, to destroy some factories and mills. This was Sunday morning.

When we passed through the streets of Statesville a goodly number of ladies had congregated near the stores and waved their handkerchiefs as we passed. I was afraid to risk the negro for fear he would betray us. A great many advised us to go and be parolled; said maybe the Yankees would give us a shack of a horse to ride. I told them I would not risk it.

There was a man by the name of Thomas Chapman that went from Midway to the war. His mother lived near Statesville, and he happened to be at his mother's at this time. The Yankees arrested him and carried him to a northern prison, and he did not get home until July. I arrived at home on the 28th of April, as will be seen later. I had no idea of falling into their hands if it could possibly be prevented, so the way was clear before us and we pushed with energy and vim.

Lincolnton was then my next objective point; we marched regularly with spirit with no obstruction of hindrance. We arrived and passed through Lincolnton one day about 1 p. m., made no stop, but came on about twelve miles from Lincolnton in the direction of Spartanburg, S. C., which was then our objective point. Captain Market and self called in a settlement to get our supper and to stay all night. Told Hartsfield and the three Georgia men to go on to the next house and remain there until we called for them. We were in about thirty miles of the river that divided North and South Carolina. We had marched about thirty miles that day, anxious to get over on the South Carolina side as quick as possible.

We had just eaten supper, bathed and greased our feet, and were in the act of lying down when a courier came charging up, dismounted, and in a very abrupt manner ordered his supper and his horse fed. He was putting on cavalry airs heavily. I asked what was up; if he had any news. He replied that 800 of Stoneman's raiders had arrived in Lincolnton that evening and they were coming in this direction; that he was going a few miles below to have some horses that were being recruited moved. I told Captain Market that it was hard, that we expected a good night's rest that night, as we had marched hard all day, were tired and foot sore, but I guess we had better move. He said he would follow me. We went on to the next house and found our men asleep in feather beds. We awoke them and started on our way to South Carolina. After we had gone about three miles we met the horses. The road was wide and one man would have six or eight horses tied together.

There was a South Carolinian that had gotten in with Hartsfield and the three Georgians, that lived just across the river, only about thirty miles from where we were.

The nearer a man gets home after being gone for a long time, the more eager and anxious he is to press on; so we got out of the road to let the horses pass by and asked the men where they were going to carry them. They replied towards Sallsbury. I told them they would get into it. They replied they expected so. By the time they had passed I became so sleepy that I decided that I would rest a little, and told the men that we would rest just long enough to forget everything and I would in a few minutes be alright. So I propped my head on some roots that protruded above the ground under a large tree and in a moment was sound asleep.

It was a very short while afterwards that the South Carolinian came and woke us up and told us that he had been down the road about a mile and there was left in the camps about one dozen horses with halters on, with

no one there; a few live coals were still burning. We went down to the horse camp and found the statement of the South Carolinian true. Under the circumstances we had no conscientious scruples whatever in taking a horse apiece. We thought they had taken with them all they could manage, and what was left was refuse stock; that the yankees would get them, and that we had been at the front discharging our duty, and was as much entitled to them as any one else. If we could only ride them to the river it would aid us greatly, but if there was a bridge or a ferry across the river, so that we could cross, we would carry them further. I had nothing to conceal whatever, so I picked me out a gray and rode on my blanket, and gave Hartsfield my rubber to ride on. Captain Market, the other Georgians and the South Carolinian rode bareback; my horse moved nicely in a pace at about the rate of six miles an hour. I felt like we would land on South Carolina soil by sun up at that rate.

We had gone about three miles when we met a squadron of cavalymen, about twenty men armed and commanded by a lieutenant. I could have evaded them if I had so desired, but I felt that I had done nothing wrong or improper under the circumstances. There were soldiers in those trying times that would go to a good southern citizen's lot and steal his horse and bridle and saddle. I never had any idea, or inclination in that direction, which I thought was wrong and would condemn, but in this case I thought then, and still think, I did right. I know my motives were pure and right; so we rode up close to the head of the squadron and the lieutenant asked if I had any news. I was spokesman, and told him about the courier's coming down to have horses moved; that about 500 of Stoneman's raiders were coming that way; that the couriers were taking the horses to Salisbury, that they had left some horses which we had taken; that we thought we were as much entitled

to a horse as any one; that if left there the Yankees would get them; that we had been on the front discharging our duty and took a horse apiece.

The lieutenant arrested every one of us and made us ride back to camp, I and Captain Market riding side by side in ranks together. I told Captain Market that he had on the stripes and that he ranked the lieutenant and to stick up to him with the bark on, and that we had intended no wrong and had done no wrong. When we got to the camps where we had gotten the horses, the lieutenant saw that we had told the truth, but carried us about a quarter of a mile to an old gentleman's house with whom he had become acquainted while in camps to see if he could hear where the stock had been taken to. The squadron had been out on a scouting and foraging expedition and everything had been changed about the camps, and moving horses, etc., without his knowledge. While the lieutenant had dismounted and had gone in to see the old gentleman referred to, a soldier came riding around me and said, "Umph, this is my horse." I told him if he had any better claim to him than I had he was welcome to him, and he then brought up a blazed face sorrel with a sore back for me to ride. I undertook to mount him when he commenced to kick up. About this time the lieutenant was retruning through the gate. It made me very mad. I told the lieutenant that I had told him the truth and that I had no bad motive whatever in taking the horse and that he had delayed me very much in my purpose; that I then had no command; that my captain had gone up (General Lee I had reference to); that soldiering was soldiering; that I had tried to get into the cavalry on account of results of typhoid fever previous to that; tried to get into Morgan's cavalry and this was then Dukes, but used to be Morgan's; that if he would arm and equip me all right on a good horse and saddle I would go with him, and it would be easiest soldiering I ever did; but if he did not

do it, that I would pay no more attention to his orders; that forty bayonets could not move me. He replied, "Gentlemen, I am sorry that I have delayed you, and it is my wish and desire that you keep the horses. I am afraid we will all be captured, and I did not know where the stock had been carried to." He did not know what might take place and he was afraid that if he let us keep the horses that he might be reproached for it, and so all he could do was to release us; that he was demoralized and did not know what to do. I told him that I was not the least demoralized, never had been and did not intend to be as long as I had a good conscience as to my motive. knowing that I had done the best that I could as to faithfulness and obedience; that I could face the world, and I believed the God of truth would sustain, direct, provide for and protect me. So we passed over the same ground that night three times a distance of three miles, which made nine miles.

We marched a few miles and lay down on the ground and rested and slept the rest of the night. Next evening we crossed the river into South Carolina and marched on in the direction of Spartanburg. In a few days we passed through Spartanburg, and then our next point was Greenville. We arrived there about the 21st of April, as well as I remember. Captain Market and the Georgians were transferred to Macon. Mr. Hartsfield and I reported at the hospital, expecting to rest a day or two and strike out for Athens, Ga. I showed the superintendent my papers; told him I was not sick but needed some rest, as I was a little foot sore. Mr. Hartsfield was feeble.



CHAPTER XXII.

The superintendent took us in. I don't believe that there was a man in the Confederate service at that time that understood the situation and condition of the forces better than I did. I knew that Gen. Lee had surrendered, and knew that Gen. Johnston's condition was only a question of a short time before he would be compelled to surrender to Sherman.

We remained at the hospital in Greenville, S. C. until the next evening, intending to strike for Athens, Ga., that night on foot, which was about 80 miles. But the superintendent came around that evening and said that everything was in such an uncertain condition that he was going to furlough enough men to go home, on his own responsibility, that were sick. I told him that in a case of emergency I could do good service, stated further that my comrade was feeble. (My sole object in reporting at the hospital was to rest up a little, mainly on Hartsfield's account I did so.) He said he would give Hartsfield and myself a transfer to Augusta, which he did, but I had no intention whatever in going to Augusta.

We went on the train to Abbeville, and got off and walked to Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia, 42 miles. It was said that Mrs. Jeff Davis was there at that time at Gen. Robt. Tombs'. I was out of funds and decided that I would need some for transportation and rations when I struck the Georgia road, 62 miles this side of Augusta at Barnett's station, as I intended to go to Atlanta and then to West Point.

My transportation ticket was good as long as I was going towards Augusta, so I sold my blanket to an old negro man in Washington that morning, before taking the train, for \$60. It was a fine blanket. I had only used it a few months. My wife gave fifty bushels of corn for it, as it was almost impossible to get blankets

at that time. She dyed it before sending it to me. It will be seen later that I never used a dollar of the money, consequently it died on my hands. It turned out that I made a bad trade in disposing of my blanket, but it was a great satisfaction to me to know that I was secure in the event I needed some funds. When we arrived at Barnett's station the train soon came up going to Atlanta. It was crowded with soldiers, some guarding prisoners, some General Lee's men who had left home in furloughs and had started back to General Lee, but were too late, and others belonged to Gen. Johnson's command, that could not get to him.

While waiting for the train I struck up with Capt. Green, now of Opelika, Ala. I was not acquainted with him, had never seen him before. He had about eight or ten men with him. We commenced a conversation, and found that Capt. Green and a squad of men with him were without transportation. So I, after conferring with others, came to an understanding that we would tick together, and when the conductor came around for asses, as Capt. Green had on stripes, we would make him the spokesman. We felt that the Confederacy had one up, and it was not necessary at that stage to have transportation; that we had been in the front discharging our duty faithfully, and were trying to get home the quickest and shortest way possible. Wilson had just passed through Alabama and was then at Macon, Ga., and were intent to get home, to look after what had been left. After Wilson had been through and destroyed so much on his route, we did not know what route he had taken through Alabama. We considered that so far as going on the train, the railroad authorities ought to grant us free transportation, at that time, under the circumstances.

So we got on the train together. After a while the conductor came around collecting tickets. Capt. Green told him that he had a squad of men, about one dozen,

Including himself, that he had no transportation; and that we had been in front discharging our duties faithfully and that the jig was about up; and that we were going to the trans-Mississippi depot; that General Price was still pegging away, and we had no time to lose and to let us pass on. The conductor said it was against the rule; that he would have to put us off. Captain Green insisted that he would not do that, and asked him to carry us as far as Covington; that there he would get transportation and rations; and the conductor replied that he could not do it; that he should have to stop the train and call in his guards and put us off. We then arose to a man and told the conductor to bring his guards; that we were determined to go to Covington on the train and if necessary we would take control of that train; if his guards came meddling around with us, we would shove them out of the windows as fast as they could come in; that we had been having a little fun for the last four years and would not mind having a little more. So the conductor was intimidated and did not interfere with us. We got off at Covington. Capt. Green had an old transportation ticket, and made out transportation tickets for us; he was a good scribe and imitator.

So we remained in Covington that night. I remember getting an old negro woman to cook me some rations. Next day we took the train on to Atlanta, and thence to West Point, where Willson had destroyed the bridges. We arrived at West Point at 5 p. m. Hartsfield and myself were ferried across the Chattahoochee and went about five miles and stopped at a house and got our supper. Soon after eating, we struck for Opelika, taking the railroad. We passed through Opelika, and went about half way to Auburn and lay down a few hours. We got up at day and struck through a plantation by the way of a Mr. Deloach and went on to Mr. Collins' on Odum Creek, about six miles below Opelika and got breakfast. I used to go to Collins' mill when I was a boy; it was ten miles

from where my father lived when I was a boy. I would have gone home that night, which was about 80 or 40 miles, but Hartsfield was feeble and tired, so I played along through my old neighborhood with him that day.

After eating our breakfast we started in the direction of home. We arrived at Gazaway's Mill about 10 a. m., where I learned to swim when a boy. I had not changed clothing since we left Mrs. Christian's on the Chickahominy. I had clean underclothes in my knapsack and a piece of soap, so I went under the race to a waterspout and took a bath, put on clean clothing, and threw away those I had pulled off. We then went to Mr. Gazaway's and took dinner with his wife; he was in service. We rested there two or three hours, and went about three miles to my old home at the cross road. The house doors were open, the water bucket on the shelf, but I could see no one. I took a drink of water and looked in every room on the first story out of curiosity. Gen. Wilson had destroyed the gin house and packing-screw.

We then went three miles further, and stayed all night with Nat and John Collins, on the big swamp. They were old bachelors, my father's old neighbors. They had early breakfast next morning, and we started for home about sun up. Mr. Hartsfield had become considerably recruited and refreshed. I told him that our next meal would be at home, so we marched briskly that morning and arrived at home about twelve p. m., 28th of April, 1865, distance about 21 miles.

When we got in sight of the house, I told Hartsfield that we would walk by as if we did not know the place; that the negro cabins were in the yard, and that some of them would recognize me if we looked towards the house. So as we passed by we saw no one as they were all in their cabins eating their dinner. When we got at right angles with the gate leading into my front yard, we walked directly to it.

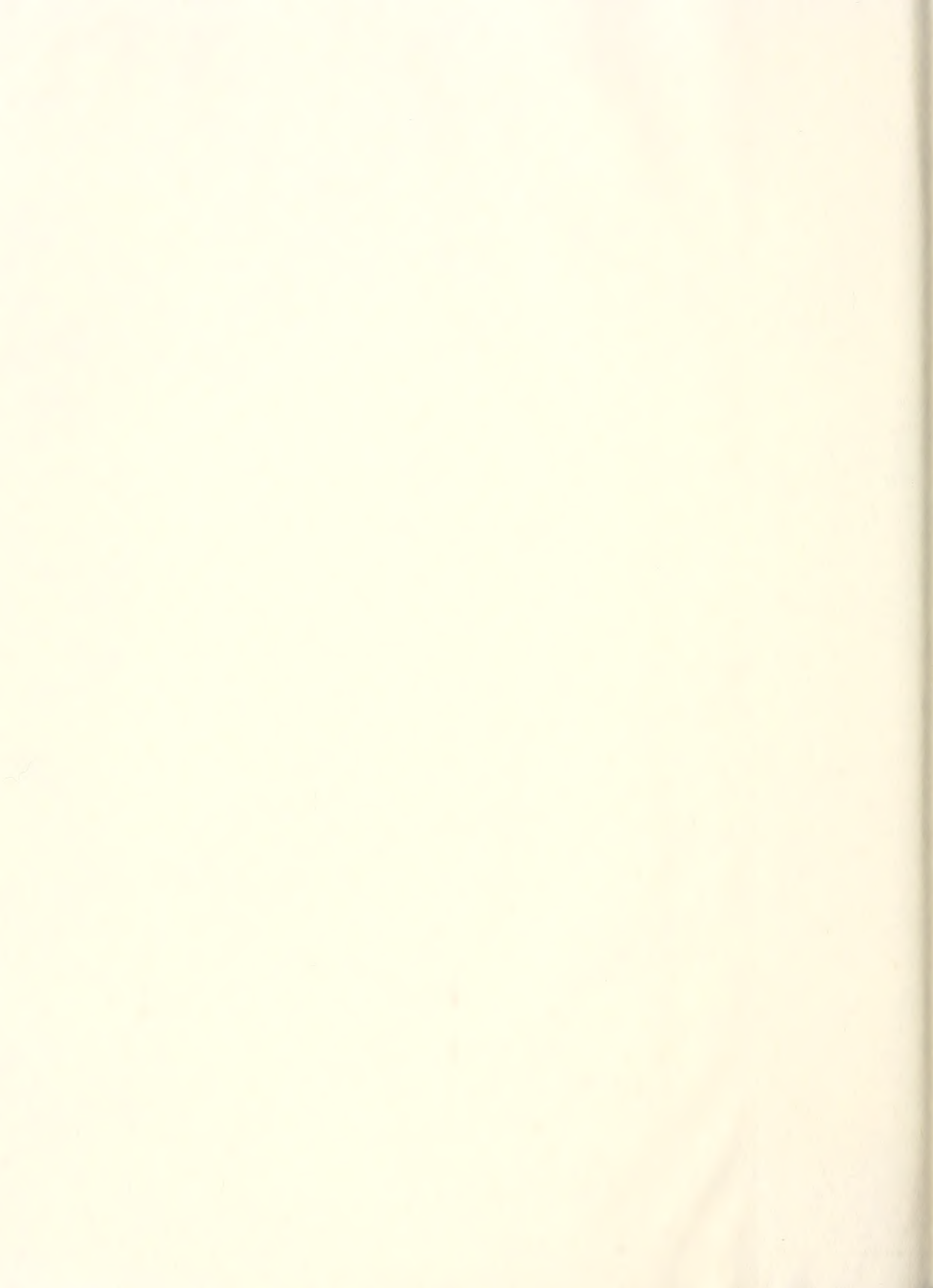
My father and my step-mother who had moved to my place in 1863, were eating dinner. Mr. Cofield also who was my superintendent. My wife and children were at her mother's that day; she lived about one and a half miles from my home. When I opened the front yard gate, the clitch of the latch attracted the attention of a little dog that came barking very freely. Little fist dogs are generally more watchful and fierce at meal times than at any other, though they are generally very watchful. While the little dog was making so much racket, we walked near the steps that led into the portico and stopped, from the noise of the dog, my father knew that some one was at the front entrance, so he stepped to the front to the portico. I asked him if we could get some refreshments. He replied that he never had refused a soldier anything; that he had just commenced eating his dinner, to come in and he would go back and have some plates arranged. I decided that I would humor the joke no further. I said to my father "you do not know me." He never suspected that it was me until I made this remark. As soon as I ate my dinner I took the horse and buggy, and went after my wife; of course I took her and my children by a great surprise. Mr. Hartsfield remained with me that day and night. His home was in Troy, about 40 miles from my home.

The next morning, which was Saturday, I made a negro get a good mule and hitch her to my buggy, and take Mr. Hartsfield down the Three Notch Road towards Troy. They started about sun up, carried their lunch and feed for the mule. I told Frank to drive a good traveling gait towards Troy until about noon and then take out, feed his mule and eat his lunch and start back home, so as to reach there by dark. The first time I saw Hartsfield he told me that Frank carried him so near to Troy that day, that he kept pulling until he arrived there that night. I arrived home about one week before any of my

company did that were present at the surrender. Walked about 560 miles of the way; was walking regularly about twenty days. Arrived at home two and a half days before General Lucas came into my neighborhood. Saved twenty-nine head of negroes and thirty-five head of mules and horses. I was gone with them a week. I was arrested and paroled six weeks after I arrived home.







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